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NOTES OF THE WEEK

MANY of the alarmist rumours which reach us from the Riviera are doubtless unfounded, but it is a fact that the French Government is taking very seriously the reports of Italian fortifications and military concentrations along the frontier. Nice and its surroundings has not been French long enough for Italians to cease talking of irredentism, and it is feared that sooner or later Fascist excesses on the French side of the frontier, however much they may be discouraged by Mussolini himself, may become so grave that military action will be necessary. The news of an impending Italo-German Treaty of Conciliation has also aroused interest in Paris. Such a Treaty, coupled with alternate threats and flatterings to France, is doubtless intended to impress Paris with the necessity of concluding a special alliance with Rome. But the policy is a dangerous one, for Mussolini's less responsible followers, led by a strict censorship to exaggerate their country's strength, may disastrously misinterpret the motives behind their leader's speeches.

The battle between the *rentiers* and the industrialists of France must soon be decided one way or the other, for the renewed oscillations of the

franc will inevitably persuade the more timid speculators to sell without much further delay, unless M. Poincaré makes some reassuring declaration as to his future policy. The *rentiers* are prepared to run the risk of delaying stabilization in the hope that the franc, having gained a hundred points, will go on and gain a hundred more, and thus repay them a decent proportion of the sums they lent the Government. But the low rate of exchange has enabled France to capture such important foreign markets that her industry has developed at an amazing speed. Is all this industrial progress now to be destroyed by the "revalorization" policy? The franc now stands at what is generally considered by the experts to be roughly its gold value. The effort to appreciate it still further in the interests of the *rentiers*, at the grave risk of another panic and collapse, shows M. Poincaré to be a bolder man than we should have suspected.

It is evident that France and the Ambassadors' Conference prefer shadow to substance. In their opinion Germany has not yet carried out to the full every paragraph of the military restrictions imposed upon her and, therefore, the control of German armaments is not to be transferred next month to the League of Nations Council. Herr Stresemann, believing in Locarno, had given his compatriots quite definitely to understand that

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this transfer would take place, as indeed it should do, immediately Germany joined the League. He is now being told that it can still take place, but only if he accepts so rigorous a form of League control that there would be virtually no difference between Inter-Allied and international supervision. Being a statesman of the first rank, he will almost certainly prefer a prolongation of the present control system and of the occupation of the Rhineland to the acceptance in perpetuity of a form of League interference which would go beyond the Treaty of Versailles and which would add immensely to the unpopularity of the League in his own country.

We feel so strongly that greater interest in the welfare of the British Empire should be aroused by giving the widest possible publicity to the debates of the Imperial Conference that our criticisms would have been unsparing had the discussions been only partially successful. But the Report of the Inter-Imperial Relations Committee disarms us. We deal with it in greater detail elsewhere, but we would here call attention to its brilliance in that it deals with the most delicate matters and yet has given rise to so little criticism. The complaints of Ulster at the proposed change in the King's title are understandable, but they have nothing of *Realpolitik* about them. More serious are the criticisms in South Africa of General Hertzog's attitude. By subscribing to the Conference Report he has, it is true, adopted the point of view of his principal opponent, General Smuts; but this should be a cause for rejoicing rather than for indignation, and it is greatly to be hoped that General Hertzog's attitude of conciliation will not be used by his rivals as a weapon against him and, *ipso facto*, against the work done here.

One aspect, of a relatively trivial kind, deserves attention. In regard to the proposed rule that the Dominions should in future advise the King direct on the appointment of Governors-General, it is being pointed out that for years past no British Government has dreamt of nominating a Governor-General without first ascertaining that his personality would be acceptable. That is true; but the change may be a momentous one, nevertheless. Not the least important—perhaps the most important—of a Governor-General's duties is the formation of a centre of social life at Government House. We may laugh about frocks and frills and the attitudinizing of the ball-room; but these things have a real value, especially in a new country. With all respect, we hope the Dominions will not forget it. It will not be necessary for them to travel far from London to find an example of the rather dreary results if they do.

Little new can be said about the coal situation. The rate of return to the pits has been materially accelerated during the week, and now more than 420,000 miners are back at work. District negotiations are proceeding in a number of areas, and there seems a reasonable prospect of their being concluded successfully. Public imagination

is more touched by the removal of the rationing order and of all restrictions on the use of coal for lighting, heating and power (though export is still prohibited). Here is warm and welcome proof that matters are re-approaching the normal. Over 2,000,000 tons of coal a week are now being raised by British collieries, and these, with another million imported, should be nearly enough for home needs. When will the price come down?

The Stock Exchange has never been distinguished for good manners. For very many years it has indulged on occasions in rowdiness, which to the man in the street seemed to point to a rudimentary sense of humour on the part of those who conducted it. The "incident" of this week emphasizes this fact. To "boo" a man like Sir Charles Pulley because he advocated opening the Exchange on Saturdays is sheer vulgarity. The fact is that whereas there is a strong section in Capel Court who consider the time has come to return to pre-war hours in face of foreign competition, there is another section, among the younger members, who regard Saturday as their day for sport, and resent any interference with it. There is also a strong orthodox Jewish element for whom Saturday is the Sabbath. This element would do well in its own interests to renounce publicly any sympathy with the incident to which we have referred. For ourselves we should like to see all business houses reverting to pre-war hours, and in our City columns have consistently advocated the opening of the Stock Exchange on Saturdays. Hard work did us no harm fifteen years ago; it would do us good to-day.

The advocates of Birth Control have secured a new and unexpected ally in the Twickenham Higher Education Committee. That highly responsible body has decided to dispense with the services of Dr. Isobel Turnadge, the head-mistress of the Twickenham Girls' Secondary School—the ground of their complaint being that Dr. Turnadge has recently become a mother. In extenuation of her offence Dr. Turnadge advances the not unreasonable plea that as a mother she might "even be the better qualified to teach." The Twickenham Higher Education Committee, however, are of a different opinion. Only one conclusion can be drawn from their action in this matter. It would seem that while marriage may be condoned, the bearing and rearing of children constitutes a misdemeanour that calls for the severest penalties.

By the death of M. Krassin the Bolsheviks lose one of their few leaders who viewed the outside world through glasses which were more or less normal. His hostility to capitalism was based rather on economic than on sentimental grounds, and he had enough sense of reality to know that the Revolution might be an ultimate benefit to Russia only if its leaders resumed commercial relations with other countries without delay. He did not succeed in settling the question of Russia's debts, but, in view of the attitude of Moscow, no other man could have succeeded

in his place. Those of us who believe that the sinister designs of Bolshevism can best be countered by a resumption at the earliest possible moment of ordinary political and industrial relations with Russia must regret the death of the one leader who understood business and finance.

Once again there is the prospect of a civil war on a large scale in China between North and South for the control of the country. Chang Tso-lin has been unable to decide upon withdrawing to Manchuria and leaving the rest of China to stew in its own juice. Instead, he has agreed to lead all the White forces against the Kuomintang armies in the Yangtse Basin and the followers of Feng Hu-hsiang in Western China. He has a difficult task ahead of him, for troops are deserting every day to join the Nationalist cause. In this clash of arms those unfortunate foreigners who have helped to build up the China of to-day will have to look on helplessly while much of their work is destroyed. But masterly inactivity is much wiser than partiality, and it is an open question whether we have not prolonged and intensified the struggle by giving support to Chang Tso-lin, forgetful of the fact that his Kuomintang enemies are not nearly so red as they are painted. They are too nationalist to accept even Bolshevik co-operation for longer than it is useful to them.

Details of the discussions at Odessa between M. Tchicherin and Tewfik Rushdi Bey are still not available, but if an effort was made to lay the foundation of an Eastern League of Nations it undoubtedly failed. As we had expected, Turkey refuses to run the risk of offending Great Britain, and she wishes to keep the door to Geneva ajar, if not wide open. In such circumstances one might wonder why her foreign minister went to Odessa at all. The reason probably is that Signor Mussolini's latest speeches, and particularly his reference to the "sea of bayonets," have alarmed Turkey as they have disturbed France. At the same time, General Badoglio, who is supposed to be the *Duce's* eventual successor, has been to Rumania, where in so many words he promised Italian support to Bucharest should Moscow ever try to win back Bessarabia by force of arms. It is, therefore, quite possible that the Odessa meeting was directed even more against Italy than against Great Britain. It seems a pity that we should so often find ourselves sharing the Italian boat.

The Church is in some difficulty about Sunday observance. There are those who would make Sunday a day of rest and religious contemplation, on which it is wrong not only to do any manner of work but also to play any manner of game; and there are those who would return to the much older tradition of a cheerful weekly holiday. But in discussing the decision of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to allow Sunday games on their property, the Dean of Exeter put his finger on the real point when he said simply that, whatever we may think, Sunday games have come to stay. It is a social change of some importance, which

the nation has quietly made for itself, without taking the trouble to argue the point; indeed, nearly all the argument has come from the other side. It is there, and we must make the best we can of it.

There cannot be much wrong with the theatre-going public when they give whole-hearted support to the Russian ballet and to Gilbert and Sullivan opera. Were either to stand alone, it would be argued that it was merely the craze of the moment and signified little; but together a different cause has to be sought. Is it a mere coincidence that both these artistic and financial successes should have occurred at theatres where popular prices prevail? May it not be that, for causes well known and often cited, London theatres generally charge an extravagant price for seats? We admit the competition of "movies" and broadcasting, but this cannot be met with success unless the public are able to feel that they are getting good value for their money. The theatre-going public often feel they are not. Cheapen seats and put good stuff on the stage, and there will be no complaints.

It is really astonishing to read the protests of non-smokers, in *The Times* and elsewhere, against the increased number of smoking compartments on the Underground. The reason given officially for the change is that the smoking compartments are always overcrowded—which must, indeed, be obvious to anyone, not blind, who has stood for five minutes in an underground station. But, argues one of these correspondents, the reason why the women crowd into the "smokers" and fill them to suffocation is that "there is often more room" in them. A fine example of muddled reasoning. The real explanation is, of course, that no woman ever looks to see which kind of compartment she is stepping into—or ever will. The logical way out of the difficulty is to permit smoking in all compartments, as is done in many countries abroad. In that way only can smoking carriages be distributed throughout the train, so that at no one point they are a nuisance to anyone—except the faddists.

It has given pain to many people to realize that a dog-thief can so easily dispose of his prey at the London University College. As the College authorities are making investigations of this traffic we make no further comment on this aspect of the affair. One point, however, we would raise: Is London a place for dogs? Many believe it is not, if by dogs sporting dogs are meant, such as terriers of all sorts, collies, greyhounds, retrievers or Alsations, etc. All these breeds are to be seen about the streets, usually on a "lead." It is undoubtedly cruel to keep such dogs in London, if it is impossible for them to have sufficient exercise. It is, moreover, grossly unhygienic. The Borough Councils should put a stop to this nuisance in the cause of health. We can only hope that the incident will awaken the unthinking to the cruelty of keeping a dog which needs constant exercise in conditions where exercise is impossible. There are always lap-dogs.

THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH

MAN is inveterately conservative. Even the great migrations of early history were probably due to some physical factor which made it difficult for him to maintain that modest standard of life to which he had become accustomed. In our humdrum civilization of to-day there is an almost universal reluctance to recognize altered circumstances. The Imperial Conference, however, has somehow succeeded in achieving public recognition of a very important development in the British Empire so cleverly and so carefully that it has created no indignant reaction. The Conference, in fact, has made it clear that the British Empire has been replaced by the British Commonwealth, and this substitution, affecting as it does so many millions of people in all parts of the world, is obviously an event of great importance.

There is a natural tendency after every international conference to exaggerate the value of its resolutions and results, and it would be foolish to imagine that, with the conclusion of the Imperial Conference, all causes of friction have been swept aside. All that can be said—and it is a great deal—is that the Report of the Inter-Imperial Relations Committee is entirely satisfactory as far as it goes. And we use the phrase “as far as it goes” in no derogatory sense. Like the Locarno Treaty, much will depend upon the manner in which the principles enunciated are interpreted when they have to be put into practice. We are finding that the much-vaunted spirit of Locarno cannot in every case immediately overcome old prejudices, and, similarly, prejudice and tradition may prove serious obstacles in the way of the spirit which has inspired the Committee's Report. But, as the Locarno Conference was undoubtedly a great step forward on the road to better things in Europe, so the Imperial Conference of 1926 marks important progress towards a better understanding between the component parts of the British Commonwealth.

It is difficult to analyse the factors which make this Conference so much of a success that every one who took part in it has gone home entirely satisfied. Possibly the success lies in the universality of this satisfaction. It is customary, in reviewing the work of an international conference, to hint that one party is the victor and the other the vanquished, but in the present case all parties are the victors. In Whitehall there are men whose devoted service to the Empire has made them fearful of change and development. In the Dominions, on the other hand, there are men who are perhaps a little too self-confident, a little too sensitive, and a little too ready to believe that they can run when they can only just walk. And yet, whether they live in London, in Quebec, in Sydney, or in Cape Town, they can all agree with Mr. Bruce that, as the result of the Conference, “our status as individual nations has been increased, while the prestige of the whole Empire has been considerably enhanced.”

The Report on Inter-Imperial Relations, which is, of course, by far the most important report drawn up by the Conference, is careful to point out that it recommends no substantial changes in established procedure. Why, then, is it so

valuable a document? Surely only because we were reluctant to admit that this procedure was, in fact, established? While we talked glibly of the independence of the Dominions, we were indignant when Canada wished to appoint a Minister to Washington, and when the Irish Free State, acting in accordance with the Covenant of the League of Nations, took upon itself to register the Irish Boundary Treaty at Geneva. We said the Dominions were independent, but we refused to admit that fact to ourselves, and extremists in Canada, South Africa and elsewhere, sensing that unspoken refusal, developed foolish theories of independence which, put into practice, would have placed them at the mercy of any predatory power. The Report of the Imperial Conference is valuable above all because it is a public and sincere recognition of the development and growth of the Empire, and a recognition of such importance that it leaves habitual grumblers and pessimists nothing about which they can be gloomy and discontented.

There can be no further misunderstandings as to the rôles of Governors-General, who at one time represented not only the King in the Dominions but the British Government as well. The proposal that Governors-General should no longer be the official channels of communication between the British and the Dominion Governments, but that such communication should be between Government and Government direct may seem a small point to us, but to certain of the Dominions it is a suggestion which will give the greatest satisfaction. There should be no further cause for friction in matters of foreign policy, since the theoretical right of any Dominion to appoint any diplomatic representatives it chooses and to sign, on behalf of the King, its own treaties is frankly recognized. People in Great Britain who might fear that this recognition was a step towards the dissolution of the Empire may console themselves by the recollection that, in the sphere of foreign policy, as in the sphere of defence, “the major share of responsibility rests now, and must for some time continue to rest, with His Majesty's Government in Great Britain.” It is obvious from the other reports of the Conference that the British Government and the British people must continue to shoulder the main burden of Imperial defence, and, consequently, must undertake most of the burden of negotiations with foreign countries. There is nothing basically unfair or humiliating in this for the Overseas Dominions. As they take a greater part in providing Imperial defence, so their wider sphere of activity will give them an increased interest in international affairs. They may be sure that the taxpayer in this country will not look with regret upon such a development.

Before the Imperial Conference opened the pessimists would have had us believe that the Empire would split upon the rock of the constitutional question. Wise and careful steering made it possible to avoid this rock, and, indeed, it may even be said that the constitutional question has now ceased to exist. The Empire has no greater need of a written constitution than has Great Britain. The difficulties we have still to face have nothing to do with a constitution or the lack of it, but with the best procedure to be followed if we

are to prove once again the truth of the old proverb that unity is strength. There have been occasions when progress towards peace and stability in Europe has been hindered by the reluctance of the Overseas Dominions to see Great Britain undertaking any new foreign obligations. Similarly, our misunderstanding of affairs at the far ends of the earth must frequently have hampered or irritated the Overseas Dominions. Somehow conflicting interests have to be reconciled, and of the means of reconciliation the Imperial Conference says nothing.

The technical measures for improving inter-Imperial contact are to a great extent questions of detail which could not suitably be settled by Prime Ministers with much to discuss and little time to discuss it in. But these details are important, and the ultimate success of the Imperial Conference will very greatly depend upon the spirit in which they are examined. Measures to set up a Dominions Secretariat resembling the International Secretariat of the League of Nations in Geneva have not been taken, and it is left to each Dominion to decide how it will keep in touch with the foreign policy of Great Britain. The Dominions Office which was established a year ago is not, it appears, to be extended and developed. Indeed, it would seem as though, since correspondence will take place between Government and Government, the Foreign Office will become the normal channel of communication between this country and the Dominions. Methods of improving contact will, we trust, be dealt with rapidly, and by officials who will show the same goodwill and understanding as their respective Prime Ministers have shown. It will then be possible to say that the Report of the Imperial Conference of 1926 is one of the most important documents that have ever been drawn up in the long and eventful history of the British people.

THE SALE OF SCANDAL

"**N**OTHING succeeds like excess," but even excess has its limits. That is the encouraging moral—relatively encouraging, that is to say, to those who began to think that public good taste had ceased to exercise a censorship in these matters—of the 'Whispering Gallery' affair. The *Daily Mail* has performed a public service by its prompt and determined action in exposing this book and compelling its instant withdrawal. It is to be hoped that a modern tendency which long ago overstepped the bounds of decent behaviour has now been effectively checked. This business of memoirs and alleged memoirs has been steadily getting worse. The latest and worst example differs from its predecessors fundamentally in one particular; none the less we regard it as merely the inevitable culmination of a tendency which has every year been growing in intensity and impudence. We do not suppose that the 'Whispering Gallery' would have been written had not the writer been incited by the example of some other recent diarists and a knowledge of the monetary gain their efforts brought them. (We do not, of course, seek to make excuses—only to trace causes.) Names will readily occur of people who

since the war, have piled "revelation" on "revelation," until it has seemed that personal confidences are no longer possible. Cowardly libels have been uttered on the dead, great names have been bandied over the net of controversy like shuttlecocks, eminent corpses have been exposed naked to be torn and devoured by the vultures. And while the dead are unable to answer, the best of the living are unwilling to do so, either out of regard for an old-fashioned reticence, or for fear of still further advertising the wrongs they seek to redress. And so an indiscriminating public is left to believe what it is told.

If this kind of thing goes on and develops, no one who leads any kind of public life will be able to have any kind of private life. His course will be constantly run before an invisible but all-seeing camera: whatever he does, whatever he says, even among intimates, will be subject to instantaneous exposure. Only last week a well-known public man, who spoke intimately at a private dinner among those whom he had a right to suppose were his friends, awoke next morning to find something like a verbatim report of his remarks in the gossip columns of a daily newspaper.

And that brings us to our second point, which is this: that though a newspaper has done commendable work in attacking the 'Whispering Gallery,' it has been the newspapers themselves that have been largely responsible for encouraging the kind of thing they are now condemning. They have taught the public to expect it. The whole of the "Stunt" Press—and particularly the Sunday "Stunt" Press—has itself become one vast whispering gallery. Secret Histories of the Week, Society from the Inside, What the Butler Overheard, Prison Revelations—this is the kind of stuff with which the public has been fed. Big Names are dropped casually like currants into the pie, or, what is perhaps worse, are withheld and darkly hinted at. The private lives of Tom, Dick and Harry are held up for public exhibition; not even prisoners awaiting the gallows are exempt.

Lord Birkenhead—who has more than once been censured in these columns for his journalistic activities while a Minister of the Crown—is perfectly right in his castigation of those who indulge in these eavesdropping, cuff-scribbling orgies. The cognate question, whether novelists are to blame for putting real characters, or remarks about real characters, into their books, is less simple. It is mainly a matter of degree. Mr. Arnold Bennett may complain that he never attempted to draw a public character, alive or dead, in 'Lord Raingo,' but the fact is that the public were allowed and encouraged to believe that he did so, and were tacitly egged on to scent out this or that clue to the scandalous life of a Cabinet Minister. "The character of Lord Raingo," says Mr. Bennett, "was modelled on no statesman and is the result of no attempt at portraiture. I have said so in private ten thousand times, but it is not my custom to deny misstatements about my books in public." But surely he is to blame if, by refraining from denial, he allows credence to be given to the kind of suggestions that were made about the identity of this character in the evening newspaper in which 'Lord Raingo' was

published serially? Mr. Bennett cannot plead the "old-fashioned reticence" to which we referred earlier in this article.

Public taste has been so debauched that the palate is no longer tickled by anything short of scandal. The dust-bin breeds disease. But novelists cannot put this forward in excuse, because it is their business to invent. As for the revelatory, he has to choose between scandal and silence. Memoirs about the living and the recently dead are from their very nature bound to be dull, unless they contain what they should not contain. The obvious alternative is not to write them.

THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

House of Commons, Thursday

THE Commons has not had a single decent debate since it reassembled, and if either entertainment or instruction were necessary to justify debate, the sooner the House rises for the Christmas recess the better. It is obviously tired, and no wonder, talking coal for the greater part of the year and coming back two or three times from its holidays to talk more coal. Yet the subject matter of debates has been interesting enough, if only the House were in better form. The Electricity Bill is really a fascinating subject, as the House of Lords debates this week have shown, and probably has more bearing on the real problem of unemployment than all the unemployment debates. But even on Friday last, when we got away from Committee details and on the third reading were free to discuss the general aspects of the Bill, everyone except Colonel Moore-Brabazon failed to see the wood for the trees. Our good Attorney-General gave us a rattling party speech, but it had no philosophy.

* *

The more one listens to Committee and Report stage debates the more one wishes that some Parliamentarian would give his mind to the reform of Parliamentary procedure. The idea of taking a bill line by line and proposing two or three amendments on every line sounds tremendously efficient and businesslike, but in practice has become purely mechanical. This sort of thing has to be done in Committee upstairs, but if the work has to be done all over again in Committee of the full House, there is no saving of Parliamentary time, and, still more important, no certainty that really vital questions of principle are threshed out.

What one would like the Committee upstairs to do would be to reduce the really vital questions of principle to four or five clear issues of policy which could be adequately debated on the floor of the House. This pulling about of the text of a Bill merely makes work for the lawyers. And—only an incorrigible optimist would go on asking this question—is it really necessary for Bills to be written in a difficult draughtsman's dialect that is almost unintelligible to the common man? Cicero, if my memory of a passage in the 'Pro Murena' is correct, asked this question nearly two thousand years ago, but he never got an answer. Nor do I expect one.

* *

This week our principal business has been the Committee stage of the Merchandise Marks Bill, in which members have sought refuge from dullness in a tedious jocosity. There are not more than a dozen

people on the Conservative side who are really keen on this Bill; the rest of us merely acquiesce. The general idea that the consumer should know exactly what he is buying is, of course, sound enough; but if the truth must be confessed, the country of origin is what interests him least of all. Far more important from the consumer's point of view would be some better system of grading and guaranteeing the standard of quality, so that no one, for example, should sell as silk stockings something that the silkworm has never known, or as beer what may be anything from "swipes" to nectar. If it is the consumer that the Government is thinking about, it might do him much better service than it does in this Bill. If, on the other hand, it is protection of the home manufacturer, he may not thank the Government, especially if he is in need of protection, for an advertisement of foreign goods which he has to pay for through his taxes. Such questions, however, as these have not been dealt with this week. Instead, we have had a long succession of obstructive amendments in which wholly unreal attempts to raise the Free Trade prejudice have been diversified by such problems as what happens to a man who drinks a bottle of Bass from an unstamped bottle made in Czechoslovakia, or whether foreign pots containing English mustard must be stamped "Made in Germany," or how Chinese ginger made up in England and sold in Japanese jars should be stamped.

* *

Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, who has been in charge of the Bill, has never quite fulfilled on the Front Bench the promise of his early days as a Back Bencher. He has not acquired the Front Bench Parliamentary manner or the trick of pretending to be interested in views of which he does not approve. Nor does he seem to be wholly suited by the Board of Trade, which demands not so much theories as knowledge and grasp of detail. But he has made about as good a job as could be made of the Merchandise Marks Bill in Parliament, and whether by his virtues or by the faults of the critics of the Bill, he has had command of very comfortable majorities throughout. The best of the amendments were his own. In one of them he took powers to suspend the Bill where its operation would result in foolishness or hardship—which may not say much for the Bill, but is the apotheosis of opportunism in legislation.

* *

The Lords debate on the Electricity Bill showed that assembly at its best, and Lord Weir's elaborate speech for the Bill supplied the lack of a good second reading speech, which it never got in the Commons. But the most laudable characteristic of the debate in the Lords was the way in which the speakers rose above mere detail and exhibited the underlying principles of the Bill. Lord Weir's conviction that the future prosperity of the country depends on the "effective conversion of our fuel resources into electric energy, gas and liquid hydro-carbon," has given the experts much to think about. Again, he thinks that our industrial supremacy built upon coal is menaced by the increasing import of thermal units in the form of oil and motor spirit. I am not sure that I quite understand what it all means, but it seems a much more realistic approach to a great national problem than any hairsplitting on whether the Bill can correctly be described as Socialist.

SECOND CITIZEN

WHY LORD RAINGO DIED

BY A DOCTOR

LORD RAINGO was a great man, a national asset, an organizer of victory. He would, without doubt, have been something even bigger if he had lived: he would have been an organizer of peace. But he did not live. Why did Lord Raingo die? Why was the world robbed of the services of that great man just when they were needed most? Mr. Arnold Bennett has told us something of Lord Raingo's life: he has told us much about his final illness: he has shown how he died. But (though undoubtedly he knows) he has not made it plain to the Man in the Street why Lord Raingo died. The answer is clear enough to any doctor: but Mr. Bennett was not writing for doctors. It is well that the Man in the Street (and still more the Man in the Big House) should have the matter explained to him.

For there can be no doubt about it, Lord Raingo was killed by his doctors. Like many another rich and influential man, he had too many of them. If the conduct of the case had been left entirely to Dr. Heddle, Raingo might have pulled through. So soon as the Big Man from London came on the scene his chances were materially lessened. The arrival of the surgeon with his anæsthetist settled the matter once and for all. Not to put too fine a point on it, the case was bungled from start to finish. At the very beginning Heddle, the G.P., said to the patient, "You've got a touch of pneumonia." An asinine thing to say. No doctor who knows his job would dream of saying anything of the sort. Raingo responded quickly enough. "You've said the most dreadful word in the language," he retorted; and he spoke truly. "Pneumonia" is a dreadful word, a frightening word; and no real doctor so much as whispers it inside a sick room. Then Heddle went on. Pressed by his patient, he delivered a quite unconvincing little clinical lecture on pneumonia to the man who was suffering from it: whose temperature was creeping up and up: whose blood hourly was becoming more and more poisoned with the deadly toxin. Heddle meant well, but he was a garrulous ass. And, having delivered himself of his lecture, having provided Raingo with a nurse, he left the nurse with a perfectly free hand to admit such visitors as she thought fit. Madness! And the visitors came. And after the visitors the newspapers, from one of which Raingo got the shock which made his final recovery virtually impossible, for it removed from him the will to live.

Then the London man came. He, above all others, should have learned all he needed to know by a glance at the patient: careful study of the chart. But no, he must examine the patient. An "examination" entails effort, wasteful of energy on the part of the patient, and reveals nothing to the doctor which he should not have known before. No competent G.P. would "examine" a patient in those circumstances. But Sir Arthur Tappitt did. Mr. Arnold Bennett tells us he did. That must have taken a lot out of Sam Raingo. Then, late at night, the nurse turned down her toes. Raingo realized that she was praying for him. There are few things that depress a patient more than an outside call for supernatural aid. Not unnaturally, he feels that the ordinary channels of relief—or cure—have dried up: that, as a ribald and very distinguished surgeon put it some years ago, the doctor, conscious of failure, is calling in "unqualified assistance."

Almost certainly, the man who actually killed Raingo was the Great Surgeon. He appeared in the sick room "all dressed in white." Inexcusable! No G.P. would do that. The paraphernalia of an operation are kept well hidden from the sick man if the

doctors know their job; they are not produced until all is ready, until the anæsthetist has got busy. "This is awful," groaned poor Raingo. It was. The unhappy man, being rich, was made to suffer agonies withheld from the poorest inmate of any properly run hospital. He was made to see the preparations for his ordeal; he was compelled to watch the bringing in of the mysterious "leather cases"—symbolic of something terrifying. "He smelt the fumes of a spirit lamp"—a dangerous thing to have about in the presence of the ether, which was chosen in preference to chloroform. And why did they use ether? Why not have chosen a local anæsthetic? It would have been far safer for a man only a day removed from the crisis of lobar pneumonia. And why all that hurry to operate? Lobar pneumonia suggests pneumococcus pneumonia; and the subsequent empyæma is a pneumococcus empyæma which calls for operation, but operation only after a decent, and cautious, period of waiting.

Did the Big Men from London wait for a bacteriological report on the stuff withdrawn by the "stiletto thing"? Apparently they did not, and by their not waiting they went far in the bad work of killing Lord Raingo. The answer to the question: "To operate at once, or to operate after a period of waiting?" lies in the report of the bacteriologist, and on it depends the life or death of the patient. There seems to have been no report. There seems to have been no bacteriological examination. But there was an operation, and Lord Raingo died.

There is a moral to all this, a moral directed to the address of the Great and Good. Let them not, when acutely ill, cumber themselves with over many doctors. Above all, let them not rely too much on those Big Folk who, being very much the fashion, are so overwhelmed with work that they can do very little of it thoroughly. For the average sick man the average plain doctor is a far more safe (if less picturesque and flamboyant) guide. He does so very much less; and, in a case of pneumonia, it is the doctor who does least who has live convalescents to show.

THE DARK HOURS

BY J. B. PRIESTLEY

THIS last week I have had a succession of bad nights. It is not merely that I cannot easily find sleep. This I never could do, except during those times when I have spent the whole day in the open. Who, having enjoyed them, does not remember those hours of sleep, a divine unconsciousness, that fell on him, came down like a vast benevolent sandbag on the top of his head, at the Front? Sleep then was not simply a dark little ante-room through which one passed in order to arrive at the next morning's breakfast table, but a sojourn in the Blessed Isles. I remember—it must be eleven years ago—the best sleep I ever had. We had been three weeks or so in the trenches, the clayey kind, full of water and with hardly a dug-out, and though there had been no real fighting, there had been any number of those daft alarms and excursions that hearty generals, talking over the wine and cigars in some distant château, praised to one another, in the belief that Englishmen always preferred magnificence to war. We had been so long without adequate sleep that our eyes were for ever hot and staring under leaden lids. Well, one dark night we were relieved at last, and went

swaying down miles of cobbled road. Some of the fellows dropped out, others slept as they staggered on, and finally a remnant of us arrived at some place that was nothing to us but a dark assemblage of barns and windowless houses, familiar enough yet as unreal as a place on the moon. A gulp or two of hot sweet tea, a moment's glow of rum, then down we fell, so mud-caked that we were as stiff as mummies, on the hard floors, and down, too, came the lovely velvet curtain, blotting out the whole lunatic show of babbling statesmen and lads with glazing eyes. I slept for eighteen hours.

In the ordinary way, however, I have to woo my sleep, and that is one reason why I have read so many books, chasing Morpheus down innumerable labyrinths of eighteenth-century moralizing or twentieth-century introspection. Those no-sooner-have-I-touched-the-pillow people are past my comprehension. There is, however, something suspiciously bovine about them. When they begin to yawn about half-past ten, as they always do when I am with them (and I make you a present of the inevitable comment), I feel that they forfeit all right to be considered as fellow creatures, spirits here for a season, and partly so that they may exchange confidences at the hour that finds all the beasts that perish fast asleep. I do not complain about having to approach sleep so stealthily, tip-toeing through a chapter or so. After all, this is only to prolong the day, and I cannot help thinking that such a reluctance to part for ever from the day, though it be only an unconscious reluctance, is proof of an affectionate nature, unwilling to dismiss a servant, however poor a thing. Nor do I complain—though I like it less—about waking too early, beginning the day before it is fairly ready for me, being nothing but a grey little monster with the chill on it and still opposed to all our nobler activities. I have been told that as the years wither me away, I shall have more and more of these early wakings, and I cannot say that the prospect pleases me. But for the moment I will submit to it without complaint, for there are worse things, and all this last week I have been suffering from them. I have been finding myself awake, not at the end of one day nor at the beginning of another, but sometime between them, in the mysterious dark hours.

Now this I do most bitterly resent. I have accustomed myself to prolonging the day, and I will try hard to resign myself to beginning it before it is worth beginning, but this other thing, this awful interloping piece of time, neither honest to-day nor splendid to-morrow, is a horror. You suddenly wake up, open your eyes expecting welcome daylight and the morning's post and the savour of breakfast, only to discover that it is still dark, that nothing is happening. You turn over, turn back, then over again, curl your legs up, stretch them out, push your hands under the pillow, then take them out, toss, roll, all to no purpose: sleep will not come. You have been thrust, a dreadfully alert consciousness, into some black No Man's Land of time. Reading, for once, fails as a resource. Frequently your eyes are so tired that the lines of print become blurred and run into one another. But even if you have no difficulty in seeing, it is still hard to read because all the savour seems to have

departed from literature. You feel as if you were trying to attack a dish of cold potatoes. Even a new play by Shakespeare would leave you indifferent. I remember spending one very hot night in a London hotel. The place was full and I was a late-comer, so that I was given a tiny bedroom not far from the roof and looking out on nothing but a deep narrow court. I got off to sleep very quickly, but wakened about two and then vainly tossed and turned. There was nothing for it but to read, and I switched on my light. As a rule I have a book in my bag, but this night I was completely bookless, and the only reading matter in the room was that supplied by two evening papers. I had already glanced through these papers, but now I had to settle down to read them as I have never read evening papers before or since. Every scrap of print, sports gossip, society chit-chat, city notes, small advertisements, was steadily devoured. There I was, in my hot little eyrie, reading those silly paragraphs about Lord A. leaving town or Miss B. the musical comedy star making puddings, while the night burned slowly away. For weeks afterwards the sight of an evening paper made me feel depressed.

Yet it is even worse when your eyes refuse to help you and even the silliest reading is impossible. You are left with your thoughts, as I have been several nights this last week. It is not possible, I find, on these occasions to think constructively or amusingly at all. You cannot plan anything. You cannot even lose yourself in an entertaining reverie. The dark hour, belonging to no day, swoops down and claims you as its own. No longer do you float easily on the kindly tide of ordinary human affairs. There is nothing tangible that you are afraid of, and, indeed, a burglar or a little outbreak of fire would seem a blessing. Nor are you, in melodramatic fashion, the prey now of your conscience. But you are alone, completely alone, really feeling for once that you are imprisoned in your consciousness. At ordinary times we seem able to reach out of ourselves, sometimes entirely forgetting ourselves; and that way lies happiness. In these dark hours there is no escape, not even by any dizzy ladder of thought, and your mind goes round and round, drearily pacing its cage. Life is nothing but a pulse beating in the darkness, or, if not that, then only the remembrance of a vague happy dream, bright faces fading and suddenly dwindling laughter, surrounded and conquered by terrible night. But this is only life, as it were, outside yourself. Inside you, there is life too, something alive, sensitive, shuddering, a bird beating its wings against the bars.

This self-consciousness of the dark hours, unable to fasten on anything outside itself, for ever denied communication, its thoughts wearily jangling round the old circus ring of the mind, is a glimpse of Hell. These are the terrors with which the preachers should threaten us. The old-fashioned place, we know, would soon become companionable. I have no doubt that it would not take us long to develop a taste for molten metal and brimstone, and that the fiends themselves would soon prove to be most entertaining companions. But these hours of the night and the spinning mind, if prolonged, would only gain in terror and despair. They are the true night-

mare. The very thought that even now they are probably lying in wait for me is infinitely depressing. And, for the time being, I am avoiding a certain kind of fiction, if only because it has a curious suggestion of this torment. The kind I mean consists of quite clever stuff by youngish contemporary novelists, who work entirely and very elaborately through the consciousness of one central figure, whose self-consciousness, inability to escape from self, are so extreme that he or she is really a solipsist. Never once do these unhappy creatures forget themselves. They are for ever watching themselves, and relating everybody and everything to that image. And always they are depressed and depressing. In theory these novels would seem to grapple very closely with life, but somehow in practice, as actual representations, they fail badly, as everybody who still clings to the unfashionable practice of comparing literature and life must recognize. I realize now, however, that they do represent something with tolerable accuracy, and that is, of course, the night's vengeance on the unsleeping consciousness, those dark hours.

SEPTEMBER DEW

BY EDWARD SHANKS

THE spider hangs her web from thorn to thorn
Or ties it to a wet uncertain leaf

Or in the late-cut cornfield on a sheaf

That stackwards in an hour or two is borne.

Not long her weaving shall remain untorn

Nor long can hold the burden of bright dew

That shines while day is new

On hedge and grass and corn.

Sun, drink this vaporous hour into your sky
Breathe in these little worlds of light and fire
And from your noontide-opening mouth respire
Your own light on my now cloud-soothed eye.
When I return this way there shall not lie
These gossamers on any branch or blade:
The worlds the dew-drops made
Like this world too must die.

Like every world that we or nature made:

Dew drop or Sirius or dream or plan

To image forth the thoughts of God or man,

The web is torn, the dew must dry, they fade.

Yet, it may be, this evening, when the shade

Moves from the corner between wood and field,

I shall find there revealed

One web still not unmade.

One web whose dew, long shadow-guarded, lay
To make new worlds out of the slanting light.
And now on every strand they glimmer bright
And all their day this golden end of day.
Long as their earlier brothers they shall stay
And like them shine and like them show to me
An unguessed mystery
And like them pass away.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- * The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
- * Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.
- * Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

THE DEAD—AND THE LIVING

SIR,—When we stood still by the Cenotaph on Armistice Day, our hearts full of patriotism and of sorrow for the dead, did any of us think of that lost legion of our soldiers interred in the dim shades of our asylums, handed over to a fate more dreaded by the soldiers than any death?

These were brave men—exposed, as all our armies were, to scenes of horror and of shock more terrible than human nature could endure unmoved—what wonder that they returned unhinged! If wounded, they regained their balance mixing with their fellows in the base hospitals; if unwounded, they were committed, the uncertified to the care of asylum staffs, in buildings which had been asylums, and about which clung an atmosphere and associations which were in every way the reverse of reassuring. It was easy to foresee what would follow. Abandoned without appeal to a prospect of vacancy and despair, no very long time elapsed before they were legally incarcerated—and it is in this calamitous position that thousands find themselves at the present day. Let us do what we can for the release of these captives, and take warning by what befell them.

In the Report lately issued by the Royal Commission on Lunacy, there occurs a very unfortunate recommendation reminiscent of the methods which were adopted in relation to these soldiers. It is: that in certain cases in lieu of proper legal certification, there should be an intermediate place where harmless people, slightly unnerved, should be imprisoned from one to six months "for observation." This may take place either in asylums proper, or in other places under the jurisdiction of the Lunacy Board of Control. What likelihood is there that such places will not serve as ante-chambers to the dim Hades of asylums proper? It is the natural desire of Lunacy Authorities to extend their control and to gather under their wing all slight and recoverable cases. But they show little tendency to release these cases once in their power, and but little regard to the detriment entailed on the future prospects of those provisionally imprisoned for purposes of observation under conditions fraught with apprehension of worse things to come.

We pride ourselves upon our English love of liberty and fair play, and do not readily condone methods bearing any resemblance to subterranean *lettres de cachet*. The Lunacy Act itself requires (S. 74) that a person shall not be detained except after investigation and clear proofs that he is dangerous and unfit to be at large. The proposal of the Royal Commission makes short work of the principle of the liberty of the subject.

No improvement in the outlook for mental disorder can be hoped for till the principles of justice are applied all round, and the present method of dealing with "border line" cases is revolutionized. All those persons for whom restraint is a necessity ought to be properly certified according to the law of the land. For all others, hospitals free from detention ought at once to be provided as an alternative to asylums. The aim of these hospitals must be, not to feed asylums, but to intercept patients on the downward track, and by preventing their becoming certifiable, to reduce materially the asylum population, reducing at the same time our huge asylum expenditure of £8,000,000 per annum.

These hospitals would come under the purview of the Health Ministry, but in order that early cases may enter willingly and benefit accordingly, they must be kept free from any link with lunacy administration. Hospitals of this description would, by reason of their cheerful atmosphere, prove an immense boon both to doctors and their early mental cases, and eventually to the whole community.

I am, etc.,

S. E. WHITE

'PRUDES IN COUNCIL'

SIR,—Having so delectable a theme to exploit, it was probably too attractive for your brilliant, but uninformed, writer to test the authenticity of the statements in the *Daily News* on which his effort is based. As, however, Croydon is specifically mentioned, and as, among other quite picturesque descriptions of my mental and spiritual qualities, I am honoured as one of "these illiterate busybodies," may I be allowed to say that: (1) The statements attributed to "a Croydon librarian" were not made by me or by any responsible member of my staff, and that they are merely perversions of the truth. The statement, for example, that "we keep a watch on readers of a certain type of book" is fantastic. (2) I have made a protest to the editor of the *Daily News* and have invited him to publish the actual facts; but, as they are quite undramatic, my request has been ignored.

Your article is in the best traditional SATURDAY style. At the same time, one may ask if truth is not of more consequence than an opportunity to call librarians names, brilliantly and anonymously? Your writer probably knows perfectly well that the whole thing is a trumped-up newspaper stunt, and an old and extremely silly one.

I am, etc.,

W. C. BERWICK SAYERS,

Chief Librarian

The Central Library, Town Hall, Croydon

SIR,—If I could add anything to the strength of your protest against the censoring of literature by officials I would do so; but nothing could be added. You are exactly right. An official so careful that he would guard the innocent from "the strength and austere beauty of Hardy's novels," doubtless would have been of signal benefit to us at Whitehall a few years ago when truth and beauty might have injured us; but now he may be relegated to the collection of wig-stands, crinoline, expurgated editions, and ancient fly-papers, which await the dustman about the obsolete figure of the Censor of Plays. I agree with you heartily.

But in one particular you are unfair. I know very well you would not be unjust to a man who is, with knowledge and insight, trying to induce in a community a love of the things of the mind. I refer only to the chief of Croydon's Public Library. His work in Croydon is of inestimable value to us here. I should say he is the town's most valuable public servant. He certainly works with enthusiasm and understanding to improve its light. I must say that, like yourself, I read with astonishment the interview he is reported to have given to a newspaper representative. But not with indignation. The words, "we keep a watch on borrowers," are so utterly alien from the spirit of his shelves that until he confesses that they are precisely his own words I shall find it hard to accept them. And so would you, if you knew the library here.

I am, etc.,

H. M. TOMLINSON

Croydon

SIR,—May I suggest that a publication with the reputation of the SATURDAY REVIEW is not expected

to publish so vehement and insulting a fulmination upon public institutions and servants before ascertaining that the facts from a second-rate newspaper upon which it is based are in accord with the truth and that the interview claimed by such newspaper has been given?

As one who has had twenty years' close association with Public Libraries, I would point out that any censorship there may be is exercised before books are purchased; that all books received are entered in a public catalogue; that certain books are not placed on the open shelves where they would be accessible to anyone over the age of twelve years, or issued to any but adult readers because they are not *virginibus puerisque*—the question of prurency does not enter into the matter at all, and that adult readers may have these books by asking for them.

If your graceful and courteous contributor had had any but a most abysmal ignorance of libraries, librarianship, and librarians, he would have known that his personal insults were not only unjustifiable but grotesque.

I am, etc.,

OLIVE E. CLARKE

(Member of the Library Association
by examination)

Compton Road, Croydon

SIR,—Please provide in your list of defaulters a place of dishonour for the Tate (Public) Library, Brixton. On application for May Sinclair's 'Ann Severn and The Fieldings,' I was informed that, though appearing in the Library Catalogue, this book had been withdrawn from circulation upon an instruction of the Library Committee, to one of whose members its perusal had brought distress.

Wishing to renew my acquaintance with 'Humphrey Clinker,' I ascertained that Brixton Public Library contains no work of Smollett. An offer to make an entry in the Library Suggestion Book brought the reply, "The entry will be useless. One of our Committee is very hot after that kind of thing." The dialogue proceeded:

"Yet Charles Lamb thought that kind of thing good enough for his sister to browse upon, and you must be aware that flashy popular novels presenting false and debilitating views of life are constantly added to this collection."

"Well, the public which pays the bill demands them."

"The fact that such a demand receives preferential consideration seems to show that your committee's objections are directed, not against bad morals, but against good writing. And why should the formation of this library be controlled by the illiterate portion of the public and semi-literate or complex ridden members of your committee?"

"Taste and knowledge should equally rule the formation of Public Picture Galleries and Public Libraries."

To judge by some omissions, this is the "kind of thing" objected to by the Committee of the Tate Library, Brixton: Sterne, Fielding, Smollett, George Moore, D. H. Lawrence and Aldous Huxley (*omnia opera*).

Of Hardy there is an incomplete set; of Anatole France only three works are found; the works of Arnold Bennett are "selected."

I am, etc.,

C.

[We need hardly say that we accept without reserve the disclaimer of the Chief Librarian of Croydon and the assurances of those who have written in his support. In fairness to ourselves we must point out that our remarks were entirely based on statements made in an article published on November 15 in the *Daily News*. That article contained an alleged interview with a Croydon Library official, which made use of the words and suggestions we quoted. We have since satis-

fied ourselves that the Chief Librarian of Croydon was never interviewed, and we have his assurance that to the best of his belief no member of his staff was interviewed either. He characterizes as "fantastic" the suggestion (made in the *Daily News* article) that "a watch is kept on borrowers," and we are assured that at the Croydon Public Libraries all books are catalogued. In view of these facts we have no hesitation in offering our apologies to the Chief Librarian of Croydon and to his staff, and withdrawing all insinuations against them. We would point out that the phrase "illiterate busybodies" was an exuberant generalization, and did not refer to any particular person. Every quotation in our article was taken *verbatim* from the *Daily News* article. Supposing all the facts alleged in that article to have been as stated, our comments on them would have been fully justified.—ED. S.R.]

AMERICA AND THE HIRE PURCHASE SYSTEM

SIR,—An interesting article from the pen of J. G. Jarvie (October 2) calls attention to some phases of the deferred payment method of purchase employed by many in the United States. He does not seem to think this holds peril for the future.

Some of us are not so certain. Thus nowadays all automobiles (ninety-five per cent.) sold in U.S. are sold on the instalment plan. It is a common practice to turn in a used car not quite paid for as the initial purchase instalment on the new car wanted. Many people never ride in a car which they entirely own and the car often depreciates about as rapidly as the payments are made, thus the remains of the machine are but a poor start on the new one. Some good cars are customarily sold on two or three years' deferred payments. Clothes are bought on credit—furniture notably is nearly always bought so much down and the rest stretching out in future months or years as deferred payments. Houses, of course, and lots are so purchased. Indeed it is almost impossible to sell furniture, cars, houses, lots, clothing, for cash. Consequently innumerable credit associations fill the land, from the small local institutions, to accommodate neighbourhood business, up to mammoth organizations that finance the millions of dollars of credit sales on automobiles. It is impossible for the auto manufacturing house to exist without its side-partner, the immense credit department. They usually function under the same management. New cars cannot be sold for cash, and the vendors vie with each other as to the most lenient terms of credit. It is amusing to read large page advertisements in the papers and to see such on billboards telling how pleasant it is and how easy to buy money on credit! Yes, money is so sold, and the large banks have such a department. "Buy a thousand dollars! Buy it on the instalment plan—you pay a small amount monthly and soon it is yours—etc." Some of the largest and soundest banks are featuring buying money on credit; not bonds or stock, but the cash.

Just where it will wind up we don't know. We do know that unlooked for bills, the rainy day bills, dentist and other bills are hard to collect when every dollar seems to be placed far in advance of its actual receipt. I suppose it will take a real good panic and hard times to knock some of the romance out of this dollar down and dollar to-morrow plan. Some folks argue it stimulates trade, while others say it is small at the base and the inevitable toppling crash is to come sooner or later. But nobody can change it now.

I am, etc.,

JOHN C. SILLIMAN

1160 Bryant Street, Palo Alto, California

'SOUND, SOUND THE CLARION'

SIR,—I note that Mr. T. Michael Pope, in your issue of November 20, says that the authorship of this glowing stanza must "almost certainly" be accorded to Major Mordaunt.

Although it has been conclusively proved that the immortal quatrain in question made its first appearance in 1791, in the *Edinburgh Bee*, in a composition containing thirteen other quatrains, signed by Major Mordaunt, yet in literary merit it is so immeasurably superior to the other thirteen verses, that a most uncomfortable critical doubt is thrown on the Major's unassisted authorship. You may therefore consider the question of sufficient public interest to justify the space for the following brief extract from Mr. Augustine Birrell's 'More *Obiter Dicta*' :

In October, 1791, Scott was in Edinburgh, reading for the Bar, aged twenty-one, and living in close intimacy with the leaders of literary society. . . . That he kept his eye upon the *Bee* and kindred adventures is certain. The editor was probably well known to him, and it is easy to see Scott in the editor's room; glancing over these rapid verses and sitting down in a fine frenzy and dashing off the immortal lines that have reverberated through the world for one hundred and thirty years. . . . This is not proof positive, but it is good enough for me. . . . This much at least is certain: that, whoever may have been its author, it was not the feckless writer of the other thirteen verses.—*Vide Essay XX.*

I am, etc.,

THOMAS CARR

THE ROMAN CHURCH AND MARRIAGE

SIR,—Regarding your paragraph on the Roman Catholic Church and the Marlborough marriage, this story merely once more confirms the fact that, if you are rich enough, you can always buy the Pope.

I am, etc.,

"PARALLAX"

39 Mortimer Road, Kensal Rise

SIR,—The extraordinarily stupid paragraph in your last issue on the Marlborough Marriage calls for some protest. It displays the usual invincible ignorance of Catholic practice which one expects from English Protestants, but it is not against that that I wish to protest. The amazing thing is the intellectual muddle which comes over some people when they have to deal with the Catholic Church.

You ask, "Does marriage mean anything at all?" to Catholics, and then make the base insinuation that the Church has abolished marriage and allied itself with Russia: this because the Roman Rota has declared a certain marriage to be null and void. Even an elementary knowledge of the Law of Contract would have saved the writer from such a muddle. But even without any knowledge of Civil Law or Ecclesiastical Law, a person of average intelligence can surely see that in this particular case the Church was not abolishing a marriage but deciding *which of two* marriages was valid. What blind prejudice prevents you from seeing so simple a fact?

If the first marriage was invalid, no lapse of time, and no number of children, could make it otherwise. Those two points are entirely irrelevant. As for the "casuistry" which reconciles the decision with conscience, the point again is irrelevant. The whole case is a matter of evidence as to *facts*. A valid marriage requires willing consent at the time. It was proved to the satisfaction of two Courts by the evidence of witnesses that the former Duchess was married under compulsion. Therefore the contract was null and void.

I am, etc.,

P. P. MURPHY

96 Bloxwich Road, Walsall

[If it is a question of *facts*, the children of the marriage are facts enough for most people. As to our remarks about Rome and Russia, our correspondent must not confuse irony with ignorance.—ED. S.R.]

SIR,—Although your reviewer has done my unpretentious study of H. G. Wells rather too much than too little honour, may I be allowed to protest against his assumption that I am a disciple of that writer, and against his conclusion that where I adversely criticize Mr. Wells, or allow his weaknesses to expose themselves, I am doing so "unintentionally"? My only objects in writing the book were first to summarize Mr. Wells's ideas on education, and second to discover the truth that lies between the opposed judgments that he is, on the one hand, a great modern educationist, or, on the other hand, a mere charlatan or quack. Your reviewer, whose remarks are on the whole quite just, seems to suggest that I set out to "boost" Mr. Wells, but found the task slipping from my fingers; that I "struggled bravely" to get some sort of an educational theory out of my subject and failed. The truth is that, as I have expressly stated in my book, I had no such intention.

I am, etc.,

F. H. DOUGHTY

ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENTS

SIR,—One reason, and a good one it seems to me, why correspondents withhold their name and address is that it is not an uncommon thing for the writers of letters to receive very offensively-worded letters from people who invariably withhold their name and address.

I am, etc.,

J. W. TICKEL

30 Kellett Road, S.W.2

THE TRAFFIC IN HORSES

SIR,—In view of statements which are appearing in the Press with regard to this Society and certain action which is being taken by some of its members in connexion with the traffic in horses to the Continent, a letter has been addressed to the members of the Society as follows:

We learn that, as Chairman of Miss Cole's Old Horse Traffic Committee, Lady Simon is circulating in letters to Branch and Auxiliary Secretaries and other members of the Society, a request for signatures to call an Extraordinary General Meeting of Members of the R.S.P.C.A., to consider a certain resolution with reference to the Export of Horses for Butchery. The letter also contains extracts from Lady Simon's speech, prepared for the last Annual Meeting of the Society, in which the Council is asked to give information on the whole matter of the Traffic and the Council's action with regard to it. This matter was dealt with at length by Lord Danesfort at the Annual Meeting in a reply which is reprinted in the Society's Annual Report for 1925. The resolution, which it is proposed by Lady Simon should be considered at such a projected meeting, also asks for the appointment of Miss Cole by the Society as organizer for the Society's work in regard to the Traffic.

I am directed by the chairman to point out that by a resolution of the Council, confirmed at a subsequent meeting of the Council, it was decided to dispense with Miss Cole's services, and this matter was dealt with in the Monthly Letter to Hon. Secretaries of last September, from which the following is a quotation:—"Unfortunately, Miss Cole, whose courageous work in connexion with the Traffic has always been recognized and appreciated by the Council, had not for some time agreed with the Council as to the best methods of dealing with the Traffic, and, therefore, they felt compelled to dispense with her services as they considered it would be better if she acted quite independently of the Society. The whole subject was very fully and carefully considered at the last Council meeting, and while the necessity for such a step was regretfully agreed to, opinions naturally differed as to the way in which the change should be carried out."

It is felt that such a projected Extraordinary General Meeting would only imply a serious division in our ranks and would thereby render a disservice to the horses, and it is hoped that, displaying their usual spirit of loyalty, the members of the Society will refrain from supporting this proposition.

I am, etc.,

E. G. FAIRHOLME,

Captain, Chief Secretary R.S.P.C.A.

105 Jermyn Street, S.W.1

P's AND Q's

SIR,—Why is the "Collins" written by departed guests so called? Is it because the one written by the Revd. gentleman of that name in 'Pride and Prejudice' is the model and exemplar of them all?

"B."

THE LONGEST SENTENCE

SIR,—A longer sentence than that mentioned by your correspondent is to be found in Lamartine's 'History of the Girondists.' In volume 3, pages 492 and 493 of Bohn's Edition there is one of 508 words, occupying 54½ lines.

C. F. W.

SIR,—With regard to the longest sentence in English literature, I should like to call your attention to the following one.

It occurs in that delightful, though now little-read novel by Sir Arthur Helps, 'Kealmah,' and runs to no fewer than 547 words, while that quoted by Herbert Chapman in your issue of November 20 only numbers 286 words.

It is spoken by Sir John Ellesmere (Chap. XV), as a supposed reproof to some imaginary backbiter, who, he charitably suggests, merely maligns him because he is dull and has nothing better to do.

It runs as follows:

What dull! when you do not know what gives its loveliness of form to the lily, its depth of colour to the violet, its fragrance to the rose; when you do not know in what consists the venom of the adder, any more than you can imitate the glad movements of the dove; when, unlike the wisest of monarchs and of men, far from knowing trees as he did, from the cedar that is at Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall, you do not know anything even of the two extremes of Solomon's great knowledge in this behalf; and when even these crushed syringa leaves might form a subject for you to investigate, which, for the remainder of your natural life, should save you from dullness:—what dull! when the all-pervading forces and powers of chemistry are unknown to you; when light, heat, electricity, are mere words to you, clad with no more ideas for you than they are for that boy who is whistling as he goes along, unmindful, nay unconscious, of the beauty and grandeur of this glorious building:—what dull! when earth, air, and water are all alike mysteries to you; and when, as you stretch out your hand, you do not touch anything the properties of which you have mastered; while all the time, nature is inviting you to talk earnestly with her, to understand her, to subdue her, and to be blessed by her:—what dull! when you have not travelled to the ends of the earth, and have not seen what your forefathers, the mighty men of old—some of whom were not dull men—have formed and built, and restrained, and vanquished:—what dull! when you have travelled over so few minds, and have not read the hundred great books of the world—for there have been at least a hundred books written by men who were not dull, and whose works fulfil the words of Samson, when he went down to Timnath to take a wife from among the Philistines, and found that which, as he said, combined leonine strength with honied sweetness:—what dull! when you know nothing of the niceties of theology, the subtleties of the metaphysics, the closeness of logic, the completeness of mathematics, the intricacies, and withal the beauties, of jurisprudence and of law:—dull, you say; and you know nothing, comparatively nothing, of the long, finely-woven chain-work of history, telling you, as best it can, of the innumerable tribes of men who have fought and bled—sinned, suffered and rejoiced—even as we are now doing, in these which are rashly denominated the later ages:—what dull! when Art divine, whether expressed in painting, in sculpture, or in architecture, is a thing which, even when you admire it, you ignorantly gaze at, as the heathens at Athens ignorantly worshipped their 'Unknown God':—what dull! when there are thousands, nay millions, of human beings, at least as worthy as yourself (ay, and poor animals too; for God only knows how much they need care, and what a burden lies upon our souls for our conduct to them), some of whom might be aided, cheered, improved, invigorated, soothed, by the smallest deed or word of sympathy on your part.

G. B. A.

THE THEATRE AND SHALL 'TRELAWNY' DIE?

BY IVOR BROWN

Trelawny of the "Wells." By Sir Arthur Pinero. The Globe Theatre.

THERE must have been a magic and a soothing power in the waters of the "Wells." Indeed, they achieved the greatest medicinal victory of their time by making G. B. S. swallow romance without a protest and with scarcely a wry look. A diligent Press agent, exploring his SATURDAY REVIEW at the close of January, 1898, might have snipped the following for his posters: "Delicacy of mood." "Touched me more than anything else Mr. Pinero has ever written." "Its charm." "A certain delicacy makes me loth to lay my fingers on it." "Every stroke touches me." "Dainty workmanship." Not so bad, when you could append the terrible initials to the gentle words. Here was a coo worth billing.

Surgit amari aliquid. Amid even these flowers of speech the thorn is visible. For G. B. S. had comparative values in mind. He could not have loved Rose so much had he not liked Mesdames Tanqueray and Ebbsmith so little. One supposes that Mr. Shaw accepted the crinolines and "weeper" whiskers as a happy release from spurious Ibsenism and put up with "Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming" as the honest sentiment which is preferable to the speciously intellectual. None the less his verdict must be challenged. The laying on of fingers, shirked by G. B. S. under the persuasive spells of Miss Irene Vanbrugh and the limped Rose-water of the "Wells," shall be attempted. Of no play less than a work of genius shall it be said that it twice brought the SATURDAY REVIEW to its knees in humble adoration.

"Dainty workmanship," in the first place, is mere nonsense. The third act contains the conversion of Sir William from snorts against the stage to dulcet sighs over the majesty of art. The explanation of this collapse is trivial. If Sir William could be stupendously moved by memories of Ned Kean in Act III, why had he forgotten them altogether when he was busy snubbing the little play-actress in the previous scene? The fourth act is merely a piece of winding-up machinery, in which every turn of the handle is obvious. The beginning of the first act is one of those familiar conversations between menials which clumsily explain a situation. The dramatist had had plenty of time to learn better. The sneezing episode is ridiculous, since Rose, having taken the snuff and feeling its potency upon her, would naturally have left the room to find relief instead of being vastly catarrhal in Sir William's most elegant apartment. Workmanship indeed! However, a younger critic may find some comfort in his discovery that even G. B. S. could not under pressure of rosy raptures.

The matter of workmanship, however, is not a primary issue. 'Trelawny' will not live or die by its plot or its technical apparatus. It has survived for exactly the opposite reason. It is naïve with a conquering innocence. It accepts all the traditions about grumpy old men and sweet young women. It pretends that there is something superbly picturesque about shabby lodgings in Clerkenwell and tragedians whose prospects are as dark as their chins. It shows you poverty as a jolly game with Avonia Bunn as mistress of the revels. Tom Wrench, it is true, can suddenly jerk your attention out of this fairyland; or at least he can do it if the actor wills. Fortunately, Mr. Leon Quartermaine is thus resolute. In the first act, where he suddenly snatches himself away and turns a world-weary back upon the audience, he sets a real fire smouldering in place of the fairy lamps that light the lodging-house. Disenchantment breaks into

the enchanted parlour and chagrin, for a moment, is actual. It is an actor's moment and Mr. Quartermaine takes it. He is superb too at the final curtain where he gives Rose to another; his glee is here exquisitely false, the very mask of a haggard face. The rest is make-believe, dewy-dipped. Rose is aptly named, for her play is an orgy of horticultural simplicity. The Rose-scented manuscript will not fade while there are playgoers with a sweet tooth or, to be more exact, with a sweet nostril. The author of 'Sweet Lavender' had maintained his output and his form.

There is another reason for believing that 'Trelawny' will not die. The wheel of dramatic taste spins rapidly and the piece is just sufficiently old-fashioned to meet all the most modern requirements. Let us have presentational acting and no more of your petty lifelike counterfeit, cry the leaders of the left wing. Here plainly is a play for them. Does not Mr. Gadd practise good presentational tactics when he swings round at the dining-table in order to shout his grievances to the gallery? No paltry naturalism there. And Sir William. How splendidly unrealistic are his villainous manners and his swift contrition! None of the rags and tatters of pretended fact, which so distress Mr. Ashley Dukes, degrade the purple of this puppet. The business of the theatre, says Mr. Dukes, is to be theatrical. In that case 'Trelawny' is his play. No tiresome realities break in. Nobody will ever dismiss it as pedestrian or match it with base photography. Along with the latest "expressionist" nightmare it enjoys the world of fancy free. It is true that the exhalations which it breathes are rather different, as different as rose from civet. But the principle is the same:

Look into the pewter pot
To see the world as the world's not.
And faith, 'tis pleasant till 'tis past,
The mischief is that 'twill not last.

Like pewter, like play.

But the pleasantries are there. Make-believe keeps its contract. Mr. and Mrs. Telfer are rather better than Dickens-and-water and, as played by Mr. Robert Atkins and Miss Margaret Scudamore, they almost persuade us that they are Dickens of full proof. Mr. Atkins in mid-stream of oratory is a prodigious spectacle and whets my appetite for Telfer's Macbeth. That must have made Clerkenwell tremble to its foundations and sent sepulchral echoes moaning into Riceyman's Steps. Mr. Rupert Harvey's Gadd has its grand solemnities and qualifies for place in the vicinity of Crummles. G. B. S. applied realistic standards to these play-boys (as he did not to the play) and discovered that Gadd fell between two stools, while the Telfers missed the mark. This is stark severity. They are drolls detached from all niceties of the fine shade and they make us laugh. Were they ever intended to be exact? No more surely than Colpoys and Miss Bunn. And these are the riotous ornaments of a Clerkenwell charade. Only thus can they fairly be considered and thus taken they sufficiently please.

Never having seen Miss Vanbrugh's 'Trelawny' I cannot apply the comparative test to Miss Bannerman's rendering. It is certainly a very pretty performance and carries the modes of the 'sixties so graciously that it might start a revolution against the knee-length skirt, did utility permit. The portrait has the flowery quality which the play demands rather than the plebeian vitality which the part suggests. Not even Sir William could have confused a Rose so gentle and genteel with the common roadside blossom; this young lady could have dined acceptably at Buckingham Palace. But to shape Rose more of rough clay and less of dainty porcelain would weaken that pattern of artifice which is the play's chief decoration. And it is as decoration that 'Trelawny' will live.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—39

SET BY GERALD BULLETT

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best rendering of the story of *Three Blind Mice* into not less than two, not more than three, Spenserian stanzas.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea to the author of the wittiest application for it in the form of a letter, of not more than 300 words, addressed to the setter of the Competition. Offers to "share the swag" will not be entertained. The letter must be written in prose, and brevity will be accounted a merit.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week's LITERARY 39A, or LITERARY 39B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, December 6, 1926. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW immediately following. Neither the Editor nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 37

SET BY ANTHONY BERTRAM

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best rendering of the following verses by Tennyson in the style of Robert Browning, in not more than fourteen lines:

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best uncanny story told in the fewest possible words. The number of words must not in any case exceed four hundred.

We have received the following report from Mr. Anthony Bertram, with which we concur, and we have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

REPORT FROM MR. ANTHONY BERTRAM

37A. The results of this competition were excellent, so excellent, indeed, that I wish to recommend that three prizes should be given. Even then choice is not easy. W. G., whom I suggest for the first prize, is consistently good and has approached the idea from a Browningsque angle. For second prize I recommend Mr. G. A. Newall, who suggests the swing of Browning; and for an extra prize of half a guinea Mr. M. R. Williamson, who, like W. G., has chosen 'Calliban upon Setebos' as his model with

a clever suggestion of 'The Ring and the Book.' Some of those whose general level was not, in my opinion, so high as that of the prize-winners, contain altogether admirable lines: Non Omnia's

To soar above this earth's poor best
Tread wind-clean, light-paved paths o' the sun. . .

and his

Touch Heaven, then plumb earth to the middle. . .

are excellent. Mr. George Baker's second stanza is delicious:

"Want wings;"—toes start to tap;—
"Bird's wings;"—Begins to drib
Red mouth; at cot's bars jib
Fat fists;—"Out—Up—I'll flap."

and I liked the way A. A. le M. S. dramatized the incident. Finally I must quote from L. F. the two admirable lines:

When our brief harbour's calm has done preparing
This little mortal craft for ocean faring. . .

I recommend for honourable mention these competitors whose work I have quoted and Mr. P. C. Grylls and Miss A. Betts.

THE WINNING ENTRY

'Thinketh, 'would crawl, climb crib-foot, 'scape
thereby,
Spite dam and nurse so, snoring loth secure;
For lo, dawn's blood-spilth crimsons wall, and
"Tweet"
'Hath marked how scald-chicks fain would fly, catch
worm
Spiting their dams.—So I. 'Od's bodykins!
Brow bumps on floor, squalls bring in swift the
twain,
And straight begins the fool-fuss: "Hushabye!
Behoves sleep, strengthen limb ere try limb's use!
Then, fly by all means!"—Then 'will fly indeed,
'Will do, 'knoweth not what, prodigious things—
But first climb crib-foot, 'scape, and spite them both.
W. G.

SECOND PRIZE

Lying awake, wide-eyed, in the dawn-hush,
Muses the boy what he would—what he might do:
Hears the shrill note of the bird on the thorn-bush
And purposes flight too.

This his resolve then; to mimic the fledgling,
Perch on the perilous nest-rim, essay
With brief flutter of wings, swift flight from the edge—wing
The adventurer's way.

Icarus mark: Youth's folly upstarting
Soon swoops to a fall (there's no pinion repairing)
"Pause then," cries Age "until brain can match heart in
Its infinite daring."

G. A. NEWALL

EXTRA PRIZE

'Museth, what time the night's much dark hath cracked,
Flat on her back a-sprawl in the crib's warmth,
Arms wide, fists clenched, brow bent and toes a-curl;
Eyes all agog for dawn's dewed offerings;
One ear, shell-pinked, tilting to eaves' stark line
Where yon white-throated nestling cheeps her song
Of valediction—child takes cognisance.
Perpend. 'Put case yon fowl may wing swift flight
To send i' th' air, wheel, circle, turn again
As pleaseth her or no. 'Would do the same.
But child's dam, forcible, wields power o' law;
'Sayeth, her limbs are weak; sleep, sleep o' nights.
'Ruleth, babe must take naps at noon. That done,
She opens hand, lifts ban, and lets child fly.

M. R. WILLIAMSON

37B. The results of this competition were as bad as those of the last were good. Competitors did not seem to have an understanding of the difficulty of prose. It is not enough to put down any words that come into one's head and imagine one has been writ-

ing. This misconception is so prevalent to-day that tennis champions, boxers and deans all rush into print. In most of the stories submitted—and there were a great number—we had all the old flapdoodle of lonely moors, storms, hearts standing still, hair rising, bearded strangers and the rest. In this kind of story the object is to frighten the reader, not to say how frightened the subject of the story was. I recommend Mrs. E. M. Hudleston for a prize because her story is neatly put together, has atmosphere, and opens with a feeling of queerness, though I regret her ending, which makes an anticlimax. I cannot honestly ask for a second prize to be given. Mr. Gordon Daviot has a good idea, but he presents it feebly. Mr. Lester Ralph has done a very able piece of work, which is no more than we expect from him, but it somehow fails to "come off." These two are for honourable mention.

THE WINNING ENTRY

RED SLIPPERS

"Come from the window, Olaf!" said the little Olga, "do you want to see the were-wolf's eyes in the darkness?"

"My father has his gun," said Olaf, "he will kill the wolf to-night. He told me so."

"Hush! The grandmother will be afraid," whispered Olga. "See how she listens!"

The grandmother leaned forward in her chair by the great fire. Her eyes were fixed upon the children.

"How she looks!" they whispered. "How she looks!"

"Get you to bed!" she called in her hoarse voice, "I go to lock the barn," and she went quickly through the door on her old feet in their red slippers, for the night was dry.

The children lingered. "My father is late!" muttered the boy. The small girl peered into the night beside his shoulder and said nothing.

A shot rang out, and then a shriek, more awful than any sound ever heard; for it began as a beast's howl, and ended "God! O God!"

The father came in quickly. He shut the door and leaned against it. He looked wildly at the children.

"Have you shot the wolf?" they asked, together.

The man trembled. He made the sign of the Cross.

A great knock came against the door.

"Open!" a voice cried, "we are bringing in the wolf!"

The man stood away from the door. Two others entered, holding one the feet, and one the head of what they carried. From one of the feet a thing fell down upon the floor . . .

The little Olga picked up the red slipper. The man covered his face.

"It came at me. She came at me," he said, and took his gun and turned it on his heart.

E. M. HUDLESTON

Songs of a Savoyard. By W. S. Gilbert. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

WE are all Savoyards now—and the present revival of Gilbert and Sullivan at the Prince's Theatre invests the reissue of this book with a certain topical importance. To introduce the lyrics of Sir William Gilbert to twentieth-century readers would be, happily, a work of supererogation. The man who is unfamiliar with 'The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring,' 'Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes,' 'Said I to Myself, Said I,' or

I stole the Prince, and I brought him here,
And left him, gaily prattling
With a highly respectable Gondolier,
Who promised the Royal babe to rear,
And teach him the trade of a timoneer
With his own beloved bratling.

has, presumably, yet to be discovered. If, however, such a man does indeed exist, we recommend him to procure a copy of this book—which contains the author's original illustrations—without delay. He will be richly rewarded.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Notice under this heading does not preclude or prejudice subsequent review.

'THE ENGRAVED DESIGNS OF WILLIAM BLAKE' (Benn, 6 gns.) is a companion volume to the elaborate study by the late Mr. Darrell Figgis of Blake's paintings. That the engravings are at least as important as the paintings is indisputable, and that Mr. Laurence Binyon is peculiarly qualified to be their critical interpreter not less so. An admirable feature of the book is the discussion of Blake's technical procedure.

'The Mercury Book' (Williams and Norgate, 7s. 6d.) consists of selections from the first two volumes of the *London Mercury*, and offers us characteristic examples of the work of Sir Edmund Gosse, Mr. Yeats, Mr. Bridges, Mr. Hardy and other distinguished writers. The book well illustrates, however, the *Mercury's* policy of associating young and experimental writers with veterans working in traditional modes. It is cheap at the price.

'Early Tudor Drama' (Methuen, 10s. 6d.) deals with a subject to our knowledge of which the author, Dr. A. W. Reed, has made notable contributions. Here he treats of Medwall, the Rastells, Heywood and the More circle. Medwall's 'Fulgens and Lucrez' has lately been reprinted from the unique perfect copy, but John Rastell, an interesting character, though dealt with by Dr. Reed before, will come before the general reader for the first time.

'Leaves from Hellas' (Arnold, 12s. 6d.), by Mr. Marshall MacGregor, is modestly described by its author as composed of by-products of the work of a teacher of Greek. Actually it has high claims on the attention of all who care for classical literature, and is human as well as learned.

'The New Book of Trees' (Philpot, 12s. 6d.), by Mr. Marcus Woodward, has a delightful subject to which the writer is qualified to do justice, and some excellent illustrations by Mr. Dillon McGurk.

Any collection of essays by Mr. Robert Lynd is welcome, and **'The Little Angel'** (Methuen, 6s.) will find hosts of friends. The subjects are as various, the touch as light and sure as in any previous gathering of Mr. Lynd's work that we can recall.

In 1893 the late E. G. Browne published a record of his Persian experiences; it reappears now, with a memoir by Sir E. Denison Ross, and in a very dignified form, as **'A Year Among the Persians'** (Cambridge University Press, 25s.). The reproach that so informative and fascinating a book of travel should be out of print is removed.

'A Short History of Art' (Batsford, 21s.) is an English version, a good deal modified and in places expanded by Mr. Tatlock, of M. André Blum's notable book. It takes no account of Oriental art, but is otherwise comprehensive. The illustrations are very numerous.

In **'Eleonora Duse'** (Elkin Mathews, 12s. 6d.) Mr. Arthur Symons has reproduced some of the subtle criticism of his art which he wrote years ago, adding to it biographical information which will at certain points come as a surprise to most readers.

'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner' (Harrap, 12s. 6d.) comes to us with some noteworthy illustrations by Mr. Willy Pogany, but with letterpress rather unhappily decorative. The same publishers have produced a good edition of **'Tristram Shandy'** (Harrap, 12s. 6d.).

We end with a topical book, **'Imperial Defence'** (Fisher Unwin: Benn, 9s.), by Stephen King-Hall, with a preface by Lord Haldane. It raises pointedly the question what the nation gets in return for its outlay on defence, and comes aptly on the morrow of the Imperial Conference.

REVIEWS

FACETIOUS HISTORY

BY EDWARD SHANKS

Palmerston. By Philip Guedalla. Benn. 25s.

MR. PHILIP GUEDALLA, who began his career with what one can describe only as rather Bellocose verses on frontiers, artillery, and the French revolution, has been for some years now in training, as it were, for a special job of knight errantry. The distressed damsel he is to rescue is none other than the Muse of History, who has been a long time, poor girl! the captive of an academic monster. It is true that others have undertaken the quest, true too that many say an emetic would be more useful than lance or sword since the monster swallowed her whole ages ago, in Acton's time. But nothing will deter Mr. Guedalla from riding out, and there are those who expect to hear news of them both one day in Camelot.

He could hardly have found a better subject than that of his latest book. His last extended effort covered very well-trodden ground, but this is not so much familiar as habitually taken for granted. Palmerston, who was born a year before Byron, outlived the Prince Consort. He held high office in four reigns, in I know not how many administrations and for over fifty years almost without interruption. During a large part of this time he was perhaps the most independent and active Foreign Secretary we have ever had, and he passed the eighth decade of his life as Prime Minister, virtually on the direct nomination of his adoring countrymen. Besides all this, he was in himself a figure, far from a nullity of the ministerial class. The story of his connexion with Lady Cowper both before and after their late marriage offers material as charming as it is subtle to the sympathetic interpreter. Palmerston, indeed, comes to his biographer with both hands full of gifts. He was a main pillar of, and is an important key to, the politics of Victoria's reign. He was also an attractive person, with a character full of variety and spirit.

Mr. Guedalla, confronted with this engaging subject, makes one think uneasily of what public men sometimes call the second worst type of interviewer. The worst type, of course, spends the interview in talking about his own ideas and aspirations. The best helps the interviewee to talk about his ideas and aspirations. But there is an intermediate type which insists on explaining the interviewee to himself. And at intervals throughout this book one has visions of a séance excessively prolonged, a séance in which a brilliant young man with a commanding manner and a gift for phrases insists on telling a reluctant spirit just how it conducted itself here on earth. Public men often say that the intermediate sort invariably misses whatever point there may be.

In a biography we look for two things. We expect to find an account of the subject's work in the world, what he did and why. If there is any contradiction in his conduct which the biographer cannot resolve into consistency he should state the difficulty and make sure that his readers understand its existence. We expect also a picture of the man, in his private and intimate relations, to have conveyed to us a sense of his complete personality. Here too any contradiction should be clearly stated.

I cannot find either of these requirements in Mr. Guedalla's book. Palmerston is an important figure and deserves a biography on this scale because he held influential positions during an important period of history. The British public idolized him, for a long time thought its interests safe in no other hands. Arnold, on the contrary, chose him as a useful example for the humiliation of his fellow-countrymen in the field of international politics. Keen to abate the

horrid pride of patriotic leader-writers, he declared that Palmerston had found England the first country in the world and left her the third or the fourth. This may have been true, and yet the fault not Palmerston's, though perhaps an inquiry into his responsibility would not have been relevant to Arnold's purpose. But should not Mr. Guedalla, who does not mention Arnold's judgment, have made some such inquiry?

I can find none here. There is no articulated exposition of Palmerston's policy nor on the other hand any argument that its separate acts were opportunist and unrelated. The facts of his long duel with the Crown, with Victoria, Albert, Stockmar, and the rest, are duly noted, but there is no hint that they constitute an important chapter in the development of the constitution. The results of Palmerston having so long directed British foreign policy on both domestic and oecumenical history are not in any way even tentatively estimated. For all that Mr. Guedalla does to reveal their meaning, Palmerston's plans and decisions might have been as purely self-regarding as so many games of patience.

There is an almost equal lack of co-ordination in his picture of Palmerston as a person. What sort of man was this who had so strange and so great a career? What sort of character can we see revealing itself both in his private and in his public life? How did he appear to his friends? To his wife? Of the latter relation, one both singular and charming, Mr. Guedalla gives more vivid glimpses, as when he imagines the end of a party at Cambridge House:

As the talk died down, the tide receded; and they were left alone with the candles and the stiff Empire chairs. Palmerston would say, "Well, my love, how well you have managed it to-night," and Em would answer, "Yes, really, we never had a nicer party; you seemed to please everybody."

But because Palmerston has not been made consistently a living figure these touches lose their force in their incongruousness. We cannot from this book form any conception of why his mind worked as it did nor what was the nature of his influence on others. For a contrast I would suggest, not the whole of Mr. Strachey's 'Queen Victoria' but the part of that work devoted to the Prince Consort. There we have, presented together with the utmost economy, both a portrait of the man and a study of his place in history, a model of historical biography illustrating the two essential aspects of his task in which Mr. Guedalla has failed.

The reason for his failure is not difficult to discover. Academic history, he has perceived, has the great fault of being unreadable, and he therefore has resolved to be readable at all costs—a resolution which generally, as here, defeats its own purpose. For he has adopted the expedient of a small and unrelenting facetiousness, a method which makes every sentence stand out by itself like each brush-mark on a pointillist painting seen at close quarters. This, besides destroying the chance of any total effect, rapidly grows exceedingly wearisome. One tires very soon of the archness which will not refer to historical personages save as *Mr. Pitt*, *Mr. Greville*, *Mr. Spencer Perceval* and so on, which speaks on one page of "an angular boy named Haddo" and on the next of "a blue-eyed boy named Peel."

This weakness of Mr. Guedalla shows itself at its worst in his account of the early stages of Palmerston's career. It is, on the face of it, extraordinary that a man afterwards so determined and daring in his ambitions should have been content for nineteen years, from twenty-five to forty-four, to "wheel the perambulator" in so inglorious and humdrum an office as that of Secretary at War. But, instead of trying to elucidate the meaning of this behaviour, Mr. Guedalla, beginning with the ominous remark that "there is an ineptitude about the War Office which it has never lost," proceeds to crack witticisms on his subject's

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official routine to the tune of sixty odd pages. It is a fact that there is an ironic contrast between the Minister at home committing "a Guardsman's demented wife to Bedlam" and the generals and soldiers on the Continent fighting the battles of the Napoleonic wars. But it is so obviously a contrast that must always exist between battle and the organization of it that joke palls after a page or two. Mr. Guedalla's other method of making his book readable is to introduce a peroration every three or four pages or whenever Napoleon is mentioned, whichever interval may be the shorter. But unless he discovers other methods, the Muse, I am afraid, so far as he is concerned, will continue a captive in the monster's castle, walled in, one supposes, with massive volumes of the Cambridge Modern History.

SWINBURNE

A Study of Swinburne. By T. Earle Welby. Faber and Gwyer. 16s.

MR. WELBY inflicts one disappointment, and one only, on the reader of his admirable book. Describing in an ironical manner the view that Swinburne is *chose jugée*, that the problem is solved, and that all has been said which can be said, he remarks:

As for the man, never was there a simpler case. The confident summarizing intelligence need not for a moment be exercised by the questions how so very English, and more narrowly so very Northumbrian, a creature was so French, so Italianate, so Greek; how one so very definitely an aristocrat was a revolutionary; how the innovator was reactionary; how one of the most mutinous of men was also one of the most submissive where he deemed submission to be due; how one of the most chameleonic of men was also so rigid and persistent that in essentials he may seem to have been at seventy what he was at twenty; how so spasmodic and anarchical a nature was yet dedicated to purposes pursued over decades; how one in general so absorbed in æsthetic interests and so aloof from ordinary life was yet so acutely aware of the human comedy as the one novel he published proves him to have been; how the Sadist, as he may seem, could yet be our second laureate of the charms of childhood; how he who was incapacitated for love in action could be imaginatively one of our supreme amorists. . . .

The description is so good that it would be worth quoting for itself alone. It is quoted here, however, because by it Mr. Welby leads the reader to hope that he intends to explain how this assemblage of contradictions came to occur in the son of Admiral and Lady Jane Swinburne. He does not gratify this hope, but apart from that he does all, and more than all, that any reader could desire.

It did not indeed seem likely at first sight that any useful purpose could be served by a new study of Swinburne at this point of time. The author of 'Songs Before Sunrise,' even the author of 'Poems and Ballads' and 'Atalanta in Calydon,' has reached, as it were, the blind spot of this generation, which finds his erotics diffuse and unreal and his politics incomprehensible and a little ridiculous. Mr. Nicolson's recent monograph, by its determined ingenuity in the demonstration of a thesis more ingenious than profound, unconsciously suggested that the author was not aware of any vital significance in his subject. Mr. Welby in that rare phenomenon, a piece of constructive criticism, has discovered that very thing and reveals it to any reader who will take the trouble to follow his argument.

It is not, of course, necessary to claim for him that he has rescued an obscure poet from unjust neglect. Swinburne has been to us, or to many of us since our adolescence was over, rather like a legacy so tied up as to be not available to us but reserved for the use of our children. We were well aware of the value of what was thus withheld from us. No serious critic has at any time doubted Swinburne's right to a place among the major English poets. Indeed his place has been less disputed than with almost any of his peers, for it was accorded to him

(Matthew Arnold dissenting) even in his beginnings, even in the height of the storm against him and even by many of those who did most to raise the storm. But, realizing his greatness, we realized also that it meant less to us than it had done to those who went before us and than it would do to those who will come after us.

Mr. Welby enables us as it were to tap the income of this locked-up money. He writes frankly as an enthusiast and an advocate, but never as a fanatic and never with a persuasion above the level of his argument. His most valuable assistance to the reader, as it is his most valuable contribution to criticism at large, is in his definition of Swinburne's political poetry, with all its fiery devotion to Mazzini and the cause of freedom in Italy, a country which the poet visited only once and only for six weeks. If, Mr. Welby argues, we are to understand 'Songs Before Sunrise' and the allied poems, we must see Swinburne's Republic not merely as one among many possible forms of political organization but as the expression of the poet's religion, as his vision of man fulfilling his purpose. This argument (which, by the way, substantiates Sir Edmund Gosse's unsubstantiated assertion as to the intellectual weight of 'Songs Before Sunrise') imposes order upon a tangle and discovers sense in what before seemed merely eccentric. It even (prodigious feat!) lends new interest and readableness to that rather affrighting work 'Erechtheus.'

There is no space here to pursue in detail Mr. Welby's argument on this point, nor yet to do more than touch on the nicety of his critical discrimination everywhere. What, for example, can be better and more illuminating than:

Superficially, with his facility, he has something of the air of an improviser, but though at times there is a lack of intellectual compulsion, there is almost always, and especially in his curiously wrought blank verse, the metrical compulsion, under pressure of which the individual word or phrase is allowed little or no opportunity of making its particular musical contribution, of asserting the value it has for the ear when taken separately. Not musical value but metrical value is what concerns Swinburne as a rule.

It would be difficult to find many passages of modern criticism in which technical analysis goes as close to the heart of the subject as that.

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The Games Afoot. An Anthology of Games and Sports. Edited by Bernard Darwin, Sidgwick and Jackson. 7s. 6d.

THE criticism of anthologies has established, by usage if not by right, the ceremonial of the initial complaint. The sins of omission have precedence and, in this case, we must be very severe on Mr. Darwin. He has included one section on mountaineering and another on "the open air" without taking a line from Mr. C. E. Montague, whose heaven is transalpine and whose celestial cartography has decorated the English language with some of its grandest lyrical prose. Has Mr. Darwin never read 'The Right Place'? If not, we can assure him a rapturous afternoon when the rain has driven him from tee. In the meantime, as anthologist, he starts with penalty of stroke and distance.

An Oxford tutor, to whom a pupil brought an essay entirely lifted from the tutor's book, remarked, "Modesty forbids me to call this first-class; self-respect prevents me from deeming it third-rate. Therefore we shall call it 'beta.' " Modesty has forbidden Mr. Darwin to draw upon his own delightful work. Self-respect has, however, found room for one fragment which demands a succession of such fragments. Golf is an enormously popular game in these days, but it elicits remarkably little good writing and, since Mr. Darwin is a lonely exception, we need more of his felicities. One of those outlines of a tigress, for instance, would have burned particularly bright.

As one turns from game to game in this book surprise is inevitable at the injustice of the Sporting Muse. Why has she enriched cricket again and again and football hardly at all? Both types of football, with their speed and pattern, should stimulate a fine response; here are exultations and agonies, arduous and endurances, piled high in massed effect. Yet Mr. Darwin can find only two flowers of writing thus evoked and one of them is a very little one. Horse-racing, again, has given him a poor yield, although the subject is fantastically eventful. Was not a cutting from Mr. Masefield's 'Right Royal' to be had? But one has got back to grumbling, and there is so much to enjoy. Some of it simply had to be there, like Bill Neate's fight with the Gas-man and a thing or two by Borrow and clippings from Nyren and Mr. Cardus. 'Captain Barclay's Thousand-Mile Walk' (in a thousand successive hours at the rate of one mile in each and every hour) is a tale worth rediscovering; the captain lost two stones and four pounds and gained a thousand guineas. He ate prodigiously, taking five to six pounds of meat a day, with tea, porter, strong ale, and wine. This was life on Jack Mytton's scale, and Jack, of course, is in this company of mighty play-boys and lovers of the game. Mr. Darwin has something for all tastes and brings in Dickens wherever he finds excuse. That almost lures one into pardoning his grand omission.

THE BURNEY CLAN

Fanny Burney and the Burneys. Edited by R. Brimley Johnson. Stanley Paul. 16s.

WHEN Mrs. Thrale, anticipating a modern game, drew up a table of marks as an estimate of the male company at Streatham, Dr. Burney got the highest award for 'Good Humour,' and good marks for 'Religion and Person' and 'Voice,' for which Johnson scored nil. The Burneys, in truth, were an admirable clan, good-looking, good-tempered, fond of each other, and always vivacious in spirit, if not in style. The sketches by Edward Burney Mr. Johnson has secured are very taking, particularly the three little people opposite the last page. Besides Fanny the Admiral and Lamb's Martin Burney are well known, and we also read here of a Worcester branch,

We wonder that the Editor has not supplied a pedigree which would exhibit the various relationships, and indicate how the family still survives. This would serve to pull together rather a disjointed book.

Susan, Fanny's sister, appears in copious correspondence as a lady of exemplary sweetness in trying circumstances, full of pretty touches concerning children; but it must be admitted that the author of 'Evelina' ranks well above the rest of the family as a writer. The new extracts from her Diary and letters about her visit to France when Napoleon was First Consul make capital reading, and might have had a wider scope if her cautious delicacy and reserve had not kept her away from celebrities and persons of not quite proper behaviour. At Madame Campan's select school for young ladies Fanny shrank from the notice offered to her, and she dropped her enthusiastic friend Mrs. Thrale after the marriage to Piozzi. As Mr. Johnson explains, the family were not devoid of snobbery, which was natural, as they started not quite in the running: Dr. Burney was indefatigable enough to make a place for himself anywhere, but he really could not write. The extracts from him and the rest of the family are tediously lengthy in style and only occasionally interesting. If Charles Burney was the "third Greek scholar in Europe," after Porson and Parr, his prefaces to learned works given here show no particular ability. His scrap of Greek has, we think, gone wrong, and the Latin riddle preserved by a later member of the family is distorted, even in the obvious answer. The twentieth-century inaccuracy of this sort is much behind the eighteenth. Sarah Harriet Burney had a reputation for wit and drollery, but her novels are as dead as New Zealand mutton. "Un auteur gâte tout quand il veut trop bien faire." That remark of Voltaire hits off the ponderous Burney way of imitating Johnson. It is curious to think how that great and good Doctor clogged English prose. There was a bad man, a model better inspired in naturalness, who, according to Dr. Burney, chose "to walk about the world with a cambric handkerchief always in his hand."

If the family had added to their vivacity Sterne's ease of manner in writing, how much their letters and prefaces would have gained!

FROM THE POLES TO THE EQUATOR

Forest, Steppe and Tundra. By Maud D. Haviland (Mrs. H. H. Brindley). Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d.

ENVIRONMENT plays a great part in moulding the life and characteristics of the myriads of species known to science, but it still remains uncertain how much an organism owes to its ancestry and how much to its surroundings. The present work is a study of the influence of environment in some of the main types of natural region. The zoologist is compelled, for lack of a terminology of his own, to fall back upon classifications evolved by other sciences; Mrs. Brindley, after travelling in Siberia, the Danubian steppe and Guiana, has set herself in the present work to sketch the influence more especially of the local accidents which modify the fauna and flora of the great natural regions.

Her work is addressed primarily to the lover of nature and to the scientific reader, but it will appeal also to the general reader who will find much to interest him in the descriptions of scenery; it may well find a still larger audience, for it is precisely the kind of book that will be read with interest by boys and girls in the higher classes of secondary schools for the light it throws on their studies in geography. Perhaps, if the writer had realized this she would have made their path smoother by giving a glossary of the more unusual words and by giving summaries of each section and of the main conclusions to be drawn from

the work as a whole. It would be all to the good if the rising generation of citizens came to realize that there are inexorable biological laws which politicians may ignore but which play, none the less, a great, perhaps a decisive, rôle in deciding the fate of communities, human or otherwise.

In the author's scheme of things nutrition seems to play a large part, for she inclines to the view that bird migration may be explained, at least in part, by the fact that nesting in the northern regions means more food for the offspring than in the tropics, where the working day of the adults is shorter; the argument appears to be that the survival chances are increased because the brood of northern nesters is larger than that of the stay-at-home section. Against this, however, must be set the double brood of the tropical nesters so that it is six of the one and half-a-dozen of the other; it is also germane to inquire whether in both areas both sexes co-operate in feeding the young.

The theory of nutrition is also advanced to account for the appearance of new queen bumble bees late in the season. It is argued that the supply of food is insufficient during a large part of the breeding season and that is only when the fecundity of the mother bee falls off that the workers can adequately cope with their task. This is a point on which it seems desirable to provide some statistics. How many broods of workers are produced before queens begin to appear? Are any workers mingled with the new queens and if so, why? Does the queen develop in the same period as the worker or does she, as with the honey bee, emerge in about two-thirds of the time taken by the worker? Does her cell resemble the worker's or has it, again like the honey bee's, more porous walls, greater dimensions and freer exposure to the air? These are only a few of the questions that ought to be answered before any theory of queen-development is propounded.

A beekeeper of wide experience, whose view is relegated to a footnote, takes the view that the queen develops, not from the supply of extra food, but, as in the honey bee, from the provision of special food. It is well known that the honey bee queen begins to lay when surplus honey is coming in and slackens her pace when cold or unfavourable weather interrupts the gathering of nectar. It is natural to assume that there is some relation in the case of bumble bees also between egg laying and provision of food; the height of the honey flow coincides with the longest days; do the queens appear at the end of June? If, as appears from the text, it is in the late summer, it may be surmised that the reason is because the young queens do not begin to lay till the following year, for worker broods would be superfluous in the late summer and, with the drones all dead, a second generation of queens would remain unmated. If, as we learn from the text, the fertility of the queen falls off towards the end of the season, the queen, whose activities were wasted, would be less likely to produce strong colonies in the following year. Economy of effort, rather than any difference in nutrition, seems to be the explanation.

Theories of causation, however, play a small part in this stimulating book, and it might well rouse many people to make exact records of facts which come under their notice, whether in our own country or in foreign lands, if they only knew what to do with their records when they are made.

A Short History of Italian Art. By Adolfo Venturi. Translated by Edward Hutton. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

THERE is a constant demand from the public for short, comprehensive art histories. It is such books that link up one's scattered knowledge and supply a reference book for one's shelves. Venturi's work, now translated by Mr. Hutton—and excellently, it appears—is one of the most valuable of these compendiums. The three hundred carefully chosen reproductions which accompany the text are of inestimable value. The book may be warmly recommended.

Important Announcement

NEXT week's issue of the "Saturday Review" will be a special Christmas Number, with a Coloured Cover by George Sheringham, and Special Contributions by Thomas Hardy, O.M., Hilaire Belloc, A. A. Milne, D. B. Wyndham Lewis, etc., in addition to all the usual features.

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NEW FICTION

By H. P. HARTLEY

Crewe Train. By Rose Macaulay. Collins. 7s. 6d.*Four O'Clock.* By Mary Borden. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.*As It Was.* By H. T. Heinemann. 5s.*Georgian Stories.* 1926. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.*The Old Stag.* By Henry Williamson. Putnam. 7s. 6d.

'CREWE TRAIN' might be described as a tributary, or, if that word too definitely suggests dependence, a sister-stream of 'The Constant Nymph.' Miss Macaulay may have thought that Miss Kennedy used Philistines too hardly; she may have wanted to show that a woman might be as independent as a man; she may of course not have read 'The Constant Nymph,' but the resemblance is there all the same. This time it is a woman, not a man, who wants to "dree her own weird," without let or hindrance from those who are interested in her welfare. Denham Dobie, the daughter of a clergyman who had tired of his duties and retired to Andorra, was an unimaginative unintrospective girl, fond of an outdoor life and incapable of taking trouble. Her Andorran step-mother rated her and appealed to Heaven. But her chidings went like water off a duck's back, even on the occasion when Denham deliberately went out and left her step-mother to entertain a bevy of Denham's respectable English relations. She just loafed out, while:

As for poor Mr. Dobie, he had a stroke that night, and died. The worry of all these visitors and all this nagging about them had been too much for him. Certainly, people should stay in their own homes.

In these words and in this spirit does Miss Macaulay announce the fact of death. It is the key-note of the book. Like her heroine, so soon to be transferred to the circle of her uncle's friends in Chelsea, she does not care, or she cares as little as she can help. Her wit, which finds food everywhere, especially in contemporary follies, compels her to take things lightly. How amusing she is! All her exaggerations (the character of Humphrey, for instance, who found a mistress wherever he went and could not bear to give her up) are entertaining. There never was, of course, any one quite like Denham, any more than there is, in or out of Bradshaw, a non-stop train from London to Crewe via Birmingham. Denham had certainly boarded the wrong train; she did not like social intercourse, she did not like elaborate food, she did not like keeping a house clean, she did not like intellectual chit-chat about Cézanne, and she had married Arnold who depended on all these things. But to hire a tumble-down cottage in Cornwall simply because it had a secret staircase leading to a cave and to live there (as her mother-in-law conjectured) in sin with a fisherman, these extravagances are only comparable to the caprice of an express train which touched Birmingham on its way to Crewe. Sometimes Miss Macaulay's irresponsibility spoils her story a little; how can characters so absurd engage our sympathies? If Denham must moon about in Cornwall, taking soundings of the ocean's depth, let her. But on the whole it is an unmixed delight, and to see mountains turned to mole-hills is a relief, after reading so much of the reverse process.

Miss Borden is a writer of considerable talent. Her craftsmanship is sound, she grips her subject with a will, and compels it to do her bidding. Though she tends to write of rich misunderstood women, these short stories show a genuine versatility; half-witted maids-of-all-work, hypersensitive chemists' assistants, French poets, English novelists, Italian

actresses, London hostesses, all come into her purview, and from all she extracts a good hard core of personality. She is not an artist of fine shades, she marks out her course and follows it methodically; she is to some extent the slave of her own plan of attack. She has a quality of earnestness which never deserts her, and so, when she is not hitting the nail on the head (as she usually is) she is hitting it equally hard on some less effective place, which gives out a duller note. But one could never apply to her the criticism his friends made of David Broome:

He had never really been intelligent, he had only wanted to be. Effie had once remarked, dismissing him in her light way, "He was after all just a pleasant mediocrity, who deceived us all for a bit."

No, Miss Borden is not like David Broome; there is excellent material in her stories, excellently handled. And she has wit too. What she lacks is Effie's art of dismissing a man, or any other encumbrance, in a light way. She is mistress of the blow; she has yet to learn how to tap.

'As It Was' is a curious, beautiful little story, the most unvarnished tale we have read for a long time. A girl, the daughter of a Unitarian man-of-letters, falls in love with an undergraduate. He is shy and reserved; she open-hearted and demonstrative. They become lovers, and the story ends with the birth of her baby. Owing to her mother's dislike of her, she left home and became a governess; the love-affair was necessarily conducted in a hole-and-corner fashion, most unlike her frank, proud way of describing it. She has no self-consciousness and no reticence at all. She is never indelicate because the sense of indelicacy is left out of her. Of the attitude towards sexual love that has prevailed since the Fall she seems ignorant; she narrates, with her grave beautiful candour, a series of happenings from which their nature would be judged inerrable. So described, they glow with beauty and a child might read them. Only, and this is a consideration that occurs to one after reading the book and when beyond its immediate spell, it is not possible to steal a march on life like this, to surprise its citadel of perfectibility merely by opening the gate and walking in. The mind of H. T.'s heroine has a beautiful and touching simplicity; but it is the simplicity of ignorance, not of knowledge. But while reading it we forget man's first disobedience, and believe that Paradise has been at last regained. 'As It Was' is



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DONATIONS gratefully received by SIR ROBERT PARR, O.B.E., Director, The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

a *tour de force* of unself-consciousness. Told in the first person, it is yet absolutely free from self-dramatization; the heroine looks into the mirror but she sees her natural face, the face her friends know. Dos-toievski's Idiot may have looked a little like her.

'Georgian Stories,' 1926, is a good collection, with one notable exception. Miss Stein's work has the one virtue of variety, a virtue that it loses by being put into general circulation. Here is an extract:

He said enough,
Enough said,
He said enough,
Enough said.
Enough said,
He said enough,
He said enough,
Enough said.
He said enough.

Miss Stein says enough too, more than enough, but it means nothing. Perhaps the best thing in the book is Miss Delafield's 'Holiday Group.' What an eye she has for the more disagreeable traits in children! What depths of fatigue and disillusion are conveyed in the search for, and occupation of, the seaside lodging-house! This story, in its way, is perfect. And Mr. Gerhardt's sketch of a lady disgustedly watching her lover "play" the drum in a continental orchestra is exceedingly good; it has humour and high spirits and abandon. In 'The Tent,' Mr. Liam O'Flaherty, writing apparently in spiritual collaboration with D. H. Lawrence, is at his best; violent and vivid without being turgid. 'An Honest Woman' surprises Mr. Maugham in a sentimental moment. 'Fairy Godmother' is one of Mr. Aldous Huxley's most brilliant stories.

Anyone who enjoys Richard Jeffries or who has wept over 'The Story of a Red Deer' will find 'The Old Stag,' by Henry Williamson, a book to cherish. It depicts Nature red in tooth and claw; peregrine falcons are always disembowelling pigeons; lamb-vultures are always knocking Boers and baboons over precipices. Blood is spilled in plenty. The book is full of terse, nervous, beautiful writing; it is a pity that Mr. Williamson does not extend his range beyond the dominion of fur, feather and fin.

QUITE UNKNOWN TURNER

The Unknown Turner. By John Anderson, Jr. Privately printed for the author. New York. To be obtained from Suckling and Co., 13 Garrick Street, London. Limited edition. £3 3s.

THERE is something pathetic about the sincerity and expense which have gone to produce this surprising book. Mr. Anderson believes that he has discovered great secrets about Turner: whole passages of his life, hitherto a mystery, vast masses of his work, hitherto anonymous or attributed to others, whole manuscripts by him, habits of his, hitherto unsuspected even by those who knew him. The most remarkable of those habits was to sign and date every single thing he produced, even the slightest sketch, but this signature was so minute and so carefully and deliberately hidden by Turner that nobody has ever noticed it before Mr. Anderson. With the aid of this great discovery, and his apparently instinctive eye for Turner, Mr. Anderson has collected some 15,000 examples of the master's work. Of course, all this may be true: we are nothing, if not open minded. But it would be regrettable to find that Turner was a painter of such a vast quantity of inferior work, and that everybody has always been more or less wrong in most of what they have said about him. We are informed by competent persons who have closely examined the National Gallery canvases that, where Mr. Anderson sees signatures and dates, the common eye of the pedestrian art expert only sees cracks. We must regretfully and respectfully warn our readers against a too ready acceptance of Mr. Anderson's claims.

MOTORING

A NEW PENALTY

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

MOTORISTS will be glad to learn that a new method of obtaining a conviction, against both car stealers and the employee who takes his employer's motor-car for joy-riding without permission, has been discovered. In a case that occurred recently in the Midlands, a man who stole a car and pleaded on discovery that he was merely taking a joy-ride was fined for stealing the petrol used on his joy-ride. That the Bench did not consider the theft merited imprisonment, and only fined the culprit, matters little, as the precedent has been set up that using a car without the permission of its owner renders the driver liable to be prosecuted for stealing the petrol, if not for misappropriating the vehicle. This is a new angle of attack, and should secure some protection against the chauffeur, who is constantly using his employer's vehicle for his private rides.

* *

But we are constantly learning new interpretations of our laws. No one, for instance, will now know if receipts given in a shop require the twopenny stamp to be affixed. The Commissioners of Inland Revenue were reported recently to have said that the document commonly given in the "larger shops" when goods are paid for over the counter is a form of voucher which does not constitute a receipt under the Stamp Act, being more in the nature of an accounting convenience to the shop, and consequently not liable to duty. Yet the Civil Service Supply Association, which is run by Civil Servants, always put a stamp on their over-the-counter vouchers for two pounds and upwards. Evidently they need not do this. The question arises whether, when buying goods such as petrol, oil, or motor-cars, a stamp is needed if the purchaser pays the money and at the same time takes delivery of the goods, and if a stamped receipt is necessary if he wishes to resist a claim for payment made subsequently.

* *

With the purpose of improving the design and construction of present-day motor carriages, the Institute of British Carriage and Automobile Manufacturers offered a prize of one hundred pounds for the best British coachwork exhibited at the recent Olympia motor show. This prize was awarded to Messrs. Arthur Mulliner, Ltd., of Northampton, for their staggered-vee-front seven-seater four-door enclosed drive limousine fitted to a Rolls-Royce chassis. To be awarded the prize was a great honour, as there were seven hundred specimens of coachwork exhibited. This firm was established as long ago as 1760. Recently I was impressed by their coachwork fitted to an Isotta Fraschini chassis, which gave the beholder that sense of beauty of line and refinement of comfort and convenience which only come from a long and varied experience of the coachbuilders' art.

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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE Government of Newfoundland are to be congratulated on the information their Minister of Finance included in the prospectus of their issue of 5% bonds which appeared last Monday. Those responsible for Colonial issues have frequently been criticized here for omitting to include details of the financial position of the borrower that are essential to the lender. Now that Newfoundland has set an example, it is to be hoped that these issues in future will follow it; it will go a long way towards re-popularizing the issues.

Another interesting issue this week was the Ealing Corporation Loan. It must be gratifying for all concerned to see the manner in which these Corporation loans are growing in popularity, a fact due not merely to discernment on the part of the investor, who is at last realizing how well secured these issues are, but also to the manner in which the prospectuses are prepared and circulated.

STOCK EXCHANGE HOURS

I am glad to see that a reform which has been so persistently recommended in these notes during the last year is at least gaining adherence. I refer to the opening of the Stock Exchange on Saturdays. So far, the only two arguments against this step are that it will break into the week-end for Stock Exchange members and their clerks and that it will necessitate longer banking hours. While appreciating the advantage to the individual of a longer week-end, I fail to see why consideration on this ground should be meted out to Stock Exchange and bank clerks any more than to those employed in other businesses.

LONDON IRISH TRUST

In accordance with the original scheme as laid down in the prospectus, the shares of the recently issued Irish Trust being now fully paid have been split into 60% of 5% preference stock and 40% of ordinary stock. The ordinary stock is quoted at about 120, the 5% preference stock at about 78. In view of the fact that at this price the preference stock shows a yield of about 6½%, it appears an attractive investment for mixing purposes, particularly as those responsible for the issue have proved very successful in similar undertakings.

ELECTRICITY SUPPLY BILL

A leading firm of Stock Exchange dealers have issued a pamphlet dealing with the Electricity Supply Bill showing in what manner it will affect the numerous public limited liability and Parliamentary companies now generating and supplying electricity in the United Kingdom. The Bill will give power to the Ministry of Transport to set up a body to be called the "Central Electricity Board." The functions of this Board will be to make available a cheap supply of electricity in bulk over almost the whole of the country. With this object in view the Board will be empowered to purchase by agreement from existing undertakings (Companies or local authorities) existing main transmission lines and to erect new main transmission lines where they are necessary. It will select certain existing stations and will endeavour to concentrate generation at these selected stations, and, by

means of its main transmission lines, make the electricity so generated available over as large an area as possible. The effect of this Bill on a Company owning a selected station will be that the Company can be required by the Board to sell to it all electricity generated at the station at cost, cost being all generating expenses, a proper proportion of management and establishment charges, depreciation and interest ranging from not less than 5% to not more than 6½% on all capital expenditure including working capital on such station. Other effects of the Act are set out in detail in the pamphlet referred to, the compiler of which expresses the opinion that the Bill is a statesmanlike attempt to grapple with a complicated and difficult problem, which, if it becomes law, should prove of great benefit to producer and consumer alike.

DUNLOPS

Considerable interest has been shown of late in Dunlop shares. This is largely attributable to a more general appreciation of the extraordinary expansion the business of this Company has shown during the last year or two. Although it is possible that market rumours of a writing up of capital may prove incorrect, shareholders should not be in any hurry to dispose of their holdings.

CITY OF TOKYO

The City of Tokyo Loan has rather hung fire since its issue. This is probably attributable to the fact that the stock had hardly settled down into the hands of permanent holders when the Belgian Stabilization Loan was announced. This led to hasty premium snatching on the part of holders of Tokyo, with the object of re-investing in the Belgian Loan. As a result of this, the Tokyo Loan stands to-day at 83½, at which level it appears an attractive foreign loan for mixing purposes. There are signs that this fact is being appreciated, as in certain directions holders of the older Japanese issues are selling and re-investing in this more recent issue.

J. LYONS

J. Lyons and Co. A. Ordinary shares have been in steady demand of late. There is little doubt that this Company, despite the position to which it has attained, is still finding fresh directions in which it can progress profitably. Two further important sites, one opposite Marble Arch, the other at the corner of Tottenham Court Road and Oxford Street, have recently been acquired. The Company is also extending its activities throughout the country. In view of these facts these A. Ordinary shares appear an attractive lock-up investment, for, although the yield on last year's dividends at 2½% is not high, the shares possess future possibilities which add to their attraction.

SELFRIDGES

With further reference to my remarks on the recent Selfridge issue, it is not surprising to note that the 2s. deferred shares have been elevated to 15s., while the preference shares stand at a discount of 1s. 3d., prices, which, in my opinion, show quite clearly the artificial nature of the market. Brixton Bon Marché shares have nearly doubled in price since the announcement was made that the concern was being taken over by the new Company. It will be interesting to see whether the profits also will be doubled, a not over-likely possibility.

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the best,
And the children stood watching them out of
the town;
For men must work—and women must weep."*
—The Three Fishers.

By Charles Kingsley, the famous author of "Westward Ho" and "Hereward the Wake." He was in his writings a teacher of lofty social morality, and the lesson he conveys in the above lines is obvious. Care, thought, and provision for loved ones.

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PUBLISHER'S PRIZE

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set, presented by the publisher.

RULES

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name appears on the list printed on the Competition Coupon.

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Award of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions.

To avoid the same book being chosen twice, books mentioned in 'New Books at a Glance' (which, in many instances, are reviewed at length in a subsequent issue of the paper) are not eligible as prizes.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 245

(First of the 18th Quarter.)

HISTORIAN, AND DRAMATIST, OF GREECE.

1. Focus of comfort and perpetual peace.
2. Justly—our partner we must needs displace.
3. He reads the charge—retorts it to my face!
4. One-half a beauteous bird suffices here.
5. What you must now transpose is very clear.
6. This done, at both ends, please, a tumour trim.
7. The herald knows it, for 'tis worn by him.
8. So doth the wolf on Oonalaska's shore.
9. They went with candles and will come no more.

Solution of Acrostic No. 243.

P	ul	P	1 The genus Rumex includes the docks and
A	ggresso	R	sorrels.
R	ig	A	2 These birds have the habit of impaling their
R	ume	X	prey on thorns, and their "ladders" may
SH	In	often	be seen near their nests. "Butcher-
A	ir-tigh	T	bird" is another name for them.
S	hrik	E	3 Israfil is the angel of melody in the Moham-
I	rafi	L	edan paradise.
U	llag	E	4 The quantity which a cask wants of being
S	editiou	S	full.

Praxiteles was distinguished for figures of Cupid and of Venus.

ACROSTIC No. 243.—The winner is Captain W. R. Wolseley, Knightley Grange, Stafford, who has chosen as his prize 'Bath under Beau Nash—and After,' by Lewis Melville, published by Nash and Grayson and reviewed in our columns on November 13. Sixty-seven other competitors named this book.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS WERE ALSO RECEIVED FROM:—Armada, Baldersby, Barberry, A. de V. Blathwayt, Boskerris, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, Dhualt, Dodeka, Doric, East Sheen, E. K. P., Gay, Iago, Miss Kelly, John Lennie, Lilian, Madge, Martha, Jessie F. Maxwell, Met, N. O. Sellam, Peter, F. M. Petty, R. Ransom, Sisyphus, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Zyk.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—E. Barrett, Beechworth, Miss G. Bodkin, Bordyke, C. H. Burton, Mrs. J. Butler, Bushey, Carlton, Ruth Carrick, Miss Carter, Ceyx, J. Chambers, V. H. Coleman, Maud Crowther, Dolmar, Eyelet, Cyril E. Ford, G. M. Fowler, Mrs. W. D. Haydon, Reginald Hope, Jeff, Kirkton, Mrs. A. Lole, Muriel, Oakapple, Still Waters, St. Ives, Stucco, Trike, Twyford, C. J. Warden, Yendu, Yewden.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Ape, Bolo, Mrs. Boothroyd, Ernest Carr, Chailey, D. L., Reginald Eccles, Estela, Glamis, Hanworth, Islanders, J. B., Gladys P. Lamont, George W. Miller, Lady Mottram, Parvus, Red Cot, Rho Kappa, Mrs. Gordon Touche. All others more.

ACROSTIC No. 241.—Correct: Jop.

ACROSTIC No. 242.—Correct: Boskerris, Charles G. Box, M. I. R., Peter, C. J. Warden. One Light Wrong: Miss I. Dyson, G. M. Fowler, J. B., Jop, John Lennie, Lady Mottram.

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